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MAY 1950

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Songs for David

Lael W. Hill

Where are the songs that were never sung
For David, when he was very young?

I. He with his bonny look, his winsome ways,
Was never cradled in silence. Yet—and yet—
The lyrics that were for him those first earth-days,
To tell of his darkling eyes, now I forget;
And the dimpled arms, and the mischief in his smiles
Were never told in the lilt of singing words,
Were never written for him, in afterwhiles
To read and remember, as chittering of small birds . . . .
All the songs that David ought to know
Are gone where the small, pink dawn-clouds go.

II. His voice, as he learned the sound of spoken thought,
Was a trickle of music, young and eager brook;
And when he faltered his first step, were there not
Elf-patterings at his side? But there is no book
Full of picture-words that might someday have been
For him and all other Davids to enjoy.
Now where are the lost songs hidden, where locked in,
Since he is no longer so small a curious boy?
His mother was busy about their home,
And the little songs drifted away like foam.

III. He ran through fields, like a puppy in his play;
He found the underneath of sun-warm stones,
A world of quick new creatures . . . Day on day
Such learning filled his eyes and stretched his bones;
But not one singing line was ever penned
To capture his delights when he was small.
Regretful, now I search my thought's frayed end . . . .
(David is eight years old, and very tall.)
His little self is vanished now,
Like petals blown from an apple bough.

And his mother marvels, and sighs, and sings
Only shadow-songs of rememberings.

The Cover: "Night Blooming Cereus," Photograph by Josef Muench.

Josef Muench

RHODODENDRONS

A Mother's Influence

Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin
Of the Presiding Bishopric

(Address delivered at the officers meeting in the Assembly Hall on September 29, 1949, of the Annual General Relief Society Conference).

PRESIDENT Spafford and sisters, I deem it a high honor to participate with you in this session of your great conference.

I look into your faces and what do I see? I see the finest in motherhood. You represent the best in life, for you live the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in this great Relief Society in which you enjoy membership, you render a Christlike service, taking care of those who are in distress. And you are responsible for the cultural and spiritual development of the mothers of Israel, and I know of no greater nor more important work.

In thinking of you this morning, words of the ancient writer of Proverbs come to mind. He wrote:

> Who can find a virtuous woman for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it, with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. . . . She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her (Proverbs 31: 10-16, 26-28).

I am sure that these words are most applicable to all of you. The most important unit in the Church and in the nation is the home, and you are the homemakers.

Mothers are blessed with a divine something that men do not enjoy. You disseminate a feeling of calmness, of peace, of good will and love. The divine spark in your hearts is one of the attributes which implies partnership with our Heavenly Father.

It is little wonder that the Prophet Joseph declared that one of the duties of the sisters was to provoke the brethren to good works. I, and every man who has achieved in the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ or in any other important field of endeavor, has been provoked to do good, to be energetic, and to achieve his ambition by his mother or wife.

If it were not for you mothers, in many instances, our sons who constitute the Aaronic Priesthood of the Church might not be as intensely interested as they are. And as a member of the Presidency of the Aaronic Priesthood of the Church, I plead with you to provoke your sons to good works in the Priesthood of Almighty God, for therein will be found spiritual security. I am certain that when the Lord said to the officers of this great organization to provoke the brethren to good works, he had in mind your

husbands and your sons. There is no one who can do more with a man, whether he is young or old, than his wife and his mother.

Yours is a great mission in this day when the truth is to be disseminated to all nations, kindreds, tongues, and peoples, to inculcate into the hearts of your sons the desire to go out and serve the Lord in preaching the restored gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to the world.

In this matter of homemaking, the Relief Society has contributed much. I recall a little mother who lives on the fringe of the Church and who said to me: "I am far away from the body of the Church. I live out here practically alone, but," she said, "you will never know what the courses in the Relief Society mean to me. I can still study the finest things in literature and deeply appreciate them because the Relief Society has worked out a course that I can follow."

It is a wonderful thing that those who reside out in the far reaches of the Church receive inspiration from the courses provided by the general board of the Relief Society. We have often thought that culture is only found in the highly and densely populated areas; but I say that culture is found out on the fringe where the courses as prescribed by your board reach women who study these courses carefully, and who manifest the good that comes from them in their lives, and who teach these fine cultural and spiritual things to their families.

YOU mothers, teach your children to pray. It is at your knee that they first become acquainted with God. At your knee they come to know God in whose image they are created, a God with body, parts, and passions. It seems that our concept of God teaches the most simple lessons to children, something that is tangible and understandable.

I recall a mother who was seriously ill. She became so ill that her life was despaired of, and out of anxiety relatives and friends crowded the house. Two children had to remain outside—a boy thirteen years of age and a girl eleven. They listened to the screams of pain, one saying: "Let us pray for mother."

They could not go into the house. The only place left was the coal shed. Kneeling down among the lumps of coal, the thirteen-year-old boy and the eleven-year-old girl supplicated God that their mother might be restored.

Before the sun went down that day, that mother was relieved of the pain and she was restored to her children. The Lord answered the supplication of the children. But there was more than that to it. That mother had taught her children to pray from the time they were able to speak a word, and out of her teachings they developed a profound faith in their Heavenly Father; and the mother received a much-needed blessing, the reward for teaching prayer in the home.

Relief Society leaders have much to do in the matter of instructing our mothers as to what kind of reading material should be available in the home. You have no doubt observed the various kinds of reading material that are now available, much of it having to do with sen-

sationalism, such as crime and sex problems, and, unfortunately, much of this trash is being read by young people and older ones, too.

I have thought that it would be a fine thing if in each ward in this Church the Relief Society might conduct a survey to determine what kind of reading material is available to youth in Latter-day Saint homes. I hope such a survey would not shock us; but, on the other hand, I would not be surprised if you would find some of this worldly and obscene literature.

You have a great responsibility, advising and counseling the mothers of Israel to provide the right kind of reading material. After all, the things we read become the thoughts we think, and the thoughts we think, at some future time, are expressed in deeds of good or evil.

It is wonderful to teach our children to use the right kind of words. I am thinking now of taking the Lord's name in vain and of using profanity. And may I say that profanity is becoming common among women as well as among men. When a child hears a mother use a word that does not express something of culture and refinement, the child may pick up the word and use it.

SOME people who are well educated and seem to have had fine cultural training, fail in this matter of choosing the right kind of words. I recall an experience I had while traveling to the Seattle Stake several years ago of meeting a young lady who sat across from me in a Pullman car. Out of our conversation I decided that she was intelligent and cultured, that she had a good mind. She informed me that she was a graduate of one of the universities of Montana. Later she went down the aisle of the car and commenced playing cards with some soldiers. In the course of the game she must have made a mistake, and when it was drawn to her attention she ripped out an oath, an oath that I had not heard since my boyhood days when we owned mules. In fact, I had forgotten mule language until this supposedly well-cultured and brilliant young woman used profanity at its worst.

She came down the aisle of the car a little later. Taking her seat very timidly, she said to me: "I suppose I am in the doghouse."

I said: "No, of course not," but I thought to myself, no respectable dog would have you in his house.

So this matter of choosing words during childhood and adolescent days is most important.

Mothers in Israel should be kind. Kindness is the essence of the spirit of God, and in any home where kindness does not abound we find the negative spirit, that spirit which breeds contempt, anger, faultfinding, and criticism. However, I am quite sure that in the home of every real Latter-day Saint mother, the predominant influence is that of kindness.

Latter-day Saint mothers should keep their children busy. If there is one curse in the world today, it is the curse of idleness. And one of the sad things about it is that there are those in high places in government who advocate idleness through the plans they propose to fasten on the American people. We have too much leisure time. Leisure

time breeds idleness, and idleness, in turn, leads people, both young and old, into paths that cause difficulty and trouble. Recreation—yes, in its place and in the home under the direction of father and mother, where father and mother participate. And the time will come when youth leaves the home, goes out into the world, then recreation should be found first in the ward and in the stake, where Latter-day Saint ideals are upheld under the supervision of the Priesthood of God.

It is unfortunate that in our midst there are such recreational centers, not sponsored by the Church, where young people are told, "Here is the basketball, here is the other equipment for such games as you care to play, and you will find the cigarettes here."

I hope the mothers of Israel will be on guard to the extent that when their sons and daughters go out they will know where they are going and do all they can to persuade them from frequenting any place where tobacco or alcohol is used.

MOTHERS in Israel, teach your children the law of virtue as it is taught by the restored Church of Jesus Christ. There is but one standard for men and for women, and rather than lose one's virtue, better one lose his life, for at least he will die clean in the sight of God.

No nation can endure when its citizenry becomes immoral, for immorality brings with it all the weaknesses that destroy spiritual, physical, and mental strength. The Lord declared to the Prophet Joseph, "I will have a clean people, and I will chasten them until they become clean before me."

I hope that Israel will never be chastened by the Lord because of uncleanliness, but that by living the law of virtue as God has given it to us, we can be looked upon by him as a peculiar people. Any people who are sweet, clean, and have the highest ideals with reference to virtue are a peculiar people. We can become a peculiar people if we live up to our covenants with the Lord. We will be clean and loyal to our chosen life's companion, not only a companion in life, but throughout eternities to come.

Give consideration to faith in God, mothers in Israel, obedience to his commandments, virtue, industry, frugality, care of family, words of wisdom given in the spirit of kindness, gospel teachings, and out of it all there will preside in Latter-day Saint homes the kind of a mother that God wants the mothers in Israel to be, the kind of a mother best described in the words of Elbert Hubbard:

> It requires two to make a home. The first home was made when a woman, cradling in her loving arms a baby, crooned a lullaby. All the tender sentimentality we throw around the place is the result of the sacred thought that we live there with someone else. It is our home. The home is a tryst, a place where we retire and shut the world out. Lovers make a home just as the birds make a nest, and unless a man knoweth the spell of the divine gift, I can hardly see how he can know a home at all, for, of all blessings, no gift equals the gentle, trusting, loving companionship of a good woman.

God bless you and sustain you always, I humbly ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

The Household of Faith

Vesta P. Crawford

Associate Editor, *Relief Society Magazine*

MANY people have long believed that there is a pattern in the adversities that perplex our lives and sometimes turn them into channels of trial and difficulty. A great poet once wrote: "Sweet are the uses of adversity." There are many noble souls who rise above personal tragedies and stand before their families and their friends as valiant ones. But there are few, indeed, who have builded something beautiful and strong and radiant out of adversity.

I shall long remember a day in the early spring of this year when I visited a family who have achieved a united victory over a great sorrow, who have found a peace so beautiful and a faith so strong that these qualities radiate far beyond the walls of that home and the hearts of that family.

The wide-windowed house, close to Provo's high eastern mountains, faced the south, and I walked slowly toward the door. Something of the woman's story was already known to me—certain facts and events of her life. And also it was known that her earth life was drawing to its close and that the disease which had afflicted her for seven years had now almost completed its work. That there would be sorrow in this home, I had expected, but nothing in my life had prepared me for the sharing of the rich and beautiful spirit which permeated that home and all of its members—a spirit of trust and serenity so great that it had overcome the approach of death and had placed our earth existence in its proper element in the spheres of eternity.

It seemed strange, at first, to hear someone playing the piano beyond the closed door. As I learned later, the oldest girl, nineteen, was teaching one of her pupils. The notes were beautiful and not loud, however, and I felt, even then, an impression of harmony and peace.

A dear little grandmother opened the door to me, her sweet, round face revealing an aged and gentle wisdom. Later, she said she was eighty-three, the mother of the woman who was so ill in the east bedroom, the grandmother of the five children of this household. A shaft of afternoon sunlight struck her white hair, wound high on her head, shining and lovely, and in that moment I realized more poignantly than ever before the beauty that an aged woman wears, gracious and wise and etched by the years.

The sick woman's only sister was there, also, to assist in the household and lend her strength to one who greatly needed all that could be given her. Capable and kind, she exemplified the ideal image many of us hold in mind as a picture of a true Latter-day Saint woman who earnestly believes and makes belief a part of her life. This sister, a stake Relief Society president, was all that such an ideal might em-

body, and she moved with quiet steps to lead me into the east bedroom.

I shall never forget the lovely blue eyes of the little mother who lay so quietly on the high bed, unable to turn or move. She spoke haltingly, made me welcome, expressed her appreciation.

If her strength had been great enough that afternoon, no doubt she would have explained to me, as she had to another visitor a week before, that no one should feel sorry for her. Her life, she confided, had been satisfying and complete, full of joy and fulfillment. Her parents, of the best of pioneer lineage, had trained her carefully in the principles of the gospel. In her father's house she had had the security of love and devotion. She had fulfilled a mission for the Church, had married a returned missionary, and with him had made a home and welcomed six children. One of her sons had died in early childhood. "He may now be in need of me," she said. The youngest child, a son, had been born two months after the mother had undergone a major operation in an effort to halt the disease which had proved to be so persistent.

BUT the little mother, Virginia, did not say much about the illness which had defeated her body. Rather, she spoke of all that life had given her. She had enjoyed the privilege of rearing her children as Latter-day Saints, the dear routine of Primary and Sunday School, and the blessing of the sacrament meeting, the preparation of lessons and talks and booklets, and the deep growing of childish testimonies. She recalled work as a Relief Society teacher, the years when her husband served as a ward bishop, the full, rich years. But this day it was difficult for her to talk.

She was very tired and so I moved away. The thought kept recurring . . . she is young to leave her home and her children.

But this, too, she had explained on that other day to another visitor . . . . That this life is only a brief event in the Father's reckoning of time; that they would be united again, husband and wife, children, relatives, and friends; that they would know again the dear bonds of unity which held them together upon the earth. And all the loved ones of the family would surely come, eventually, to join the one who first made the journey.

This thought, almost too deep for words, was interrupted for me by the two youngest children, a boy, six, and a girl seven, coming home from school. And, of course, the first thing they did was to look for mother. They came in quietly and edged up to the bed, their bright faces glowing with health. The mother reached out her hand towards them and her blue eyes lighted up.

Soon Virginia's mother and sister showed me some of the fourteen needle point chair covers which Virginia made during her illness—handwork so exquisite and of such quality that it will adorn the home for many years to come. They also brought out a Doctor's academic robe which Virginia had made for her husband. The workmanship was faultless, all the rows of difficult

smocking, the velvet stripes, sewed carefully and accurately by hand. From her bed, also, Virginia had directed the affairs of the household, even doing the mending and the hand sewing on her children's clothing, trying right up to the last to be a good mother, a thoughtful wife, an accomplished housekeeper.

And she had completed a very special project, intended to be a lasting gift for each member of her family.

Perhaps, in moments of wondering, it has occurred to most of us—what would we do with our last earthly weeks of time if we knew that our stay was limited to narrow bounds of days?

Virginia's answer expressed beautifully her philosophy of life that is eternal. For each of her children she had made a book of remembrance, containing photographs and records of the ancestors on both sides of the family, bits of family history, and precious incidents that shaped family attitudes and accomplishments. Each book contained pictures of the son or daughter from babyhood into the developing years, birth certificates, and other records, school mementoes, accounts of birthday parties—the dear familiar events of childhood.

FOR her husband, Virginia had collected copies of the talks he gave as ward bishop and some of his other addresses, several of his delightful essays on such subjects as children, gardening, and Church work, his circular letters to his brother and sisters announcing the births of the children. Among the choicest items in the husband's book were the acounts of his visits to the general Church conferences in Salt Lake City.

The few lines from a circular letter quoted below reveal something of the kindliness and humor which characterize the family.

> . . . . The summer is pretty well planned, and our whole life for that matter, children everywhere you look, morning, noon, and night. On the stairs, under the table, in the bed, playing the piano, not a dull moment, a real community—home evenings, sores, love affairs, report cards, chiggers, haircuts, food, dish towels, dresses, shoes, and so on . . . . I'm really proud of the kids and the fine mother . . . . We're both healthy and like to be worried with children . . . .

Virginia's own book, systematically and beautifully arranged, was divided into four sections: My Kin—My Story—My Children—Prose and Poetry. She included a tender poem, written to her youngest son, to go with a sweater she had knitted for him while she was in a hospital far away from the little boy:

TO LITTLE JOE ON HIS THIRD BIRTHDAY

Each stitch says, "Joe, I do love you."
Each stitch says, "Be a good boy, too."
Each stitch a prayer that you will grow
The goodness of the Lord to know.

Turning the pages of the books, enjoying the word-treasures there, I had not heard Virginia's husband come in, until he called to her from the doorway, "How are you coming, Mom?" Her wide blue eyes answered him and she whispered something as he stood by the bed. Then he showed her the chairs he had just bought for her needle point covers.

Soon the fifteen-year-old girl, tall and lovely, came home from school, and then the eleven-year-old boy, and the family members were together—not just assembled—they were together in a unity of spirit transcending anything I had ever seen—a deep, spiritual oneness, as an eternal family should be.

Saying goodbye to Virginia and her family was not easy, and yet the memory is not a recollection of sorrow or grief in that home, but a memory of faith triumphant and the spirit of the gospel which had brought comfort and peace to them.

And this, from a letter which the husband wrote long ago to his wife's grandmother in Arizona:

> Virginia is a beautiful girl—the beauty of a sunrise in character and face. But you are beautiful, too—the beauty of the sunset in your gray hairs—and your life so mellowed by the years. Sometimes even great artists cannot say which is the more beautiful—the sunrise or the sunset.

Note: This brief tribute to faith and courage concerns Dr. Harold Glen Clark of Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, his children, and his wife Virginia who passed away March 16, 1950.

Pastel of Spring

Dorothy J. Roberts

But a few days now till spring be over
And summer whiten the lanes with clover.
Swift were the metamorphoses
From the branches' brown cocoons to these
Tiny, lifted wings—like feather—
Sprouting from every twig. Oh, tether
This gauze of bud-lace a moment longer
Until the image be made stronger
Of this first live pastel of spring,
After a year's remembering.

Meditation

Bessie G. Hale

To him who knows the sweetness
Of prayerful quietude,
The things which are revealed
In lofty solitude,

There comes a benediction
As of moonlight over land;
One feels the very presence
Of his gracious, guiding hand.

Art

Florence Berrett Dunford

Fashioning a poem is like
Capturing a moment out of time;
The moment lengthens,
Becomes a piece of that far horizon,
A lost smile—
A bit of love's perfection;
These are yours to keep,
When you write a poem.

The Recital

Deone R. Sutherland

ON Fridays, Miss Carroway came to give us piano lessons—Richard, Randy, and me.

The doorbell rang, and Mama called from the kitchen, "See who that can be."

Richard opened the door. "It's only Miss Carroway," he called.

"Good afternoon," said Miss Carroway, striding in past Richard through the hall to the living room. She set her brief case on a table and unpinned her hat.

"Good afternoon," said Mama, coming in. "Which of the children would you like to hear first?"

Mama always asked this question, and Miss Carroway always answered, "I think we had better get Richard out of the way first."

"Richard," Mama said, her voice gliding upward on the a-r-d.

We sat down, and Richard, dragging his feet, went to the piano. His shoulders slumped. Miss Carroway unfastened her brief case, took out her music, sat down, and leaned her head back.

"Posture!" she said to Richard. "Now the scales."

Up and down went Richard laboriously, stumbling over the notes. Then he opened his book. He skipped parts of pages now and then, but Miss Carroway didn't seem to notice. She always noticed though when we tried it. Finally Richard said he was through.

"I should think so," said Miss Carroway.

Mama always looked very strained during our piano lessons.

"Your practice record book," said Miss Carroway.

Richard opened it.

"He really practiced the half hour daily," said Mama, "but he doesn't seem to concentrate properly."

Miss Carroway marked the book, assigned the new lesson, arched her hands, and showed Richard how his pieces should go. Thump, thump, went her fingers.

"Now, the girls," said Miss Carroway. She didn't seem to mind us so much. Richard sighed with relief as he sat down by Mama. Mama looked at him despairingly.

We were glad when our lessons were over. "A piano lesson spoils the whole day," decided Richard.

Mama always went through Richard's music lessons with him, but he didn't seem to improve.

"Do you think we should give up?" Mama asked Papa.

"Yes," said Richard.

"No," said Papa.

Randy and I looked pityingly at Richard. "Your soul isn't in it," said Randy, "you have to have depth to play the piano. You don't have any."

Richard held his nose.

The next Friday Miss Carroway announced the pieces we were to prepare for the recital. Richard's was something about spring. "I can't come," said Richard.

"Of course he can come," assured Mama soothingly to Miss Carroway.

"I won't be able to play," gasped Richard with earnestness.

"Yes, you will," declared Mama, looking at Miss Carroway with a strained smile.

"I'll break my arm," said Richard.

"He's had the piece three months," Miss Carroway said, "and there are three more weeks before the recital."

"The recital will be good for him," said Mama; "his father thinks so, too."

AFTER dinner Papa made Richard play his recital piece. Richard went up and down on the piano, repeated, stumbled, crouched, hunched, hammered. Papa looked at Mama doubtfully. Richard got up from the piano bench.

"That's fine, Richard; we'll practice you every night as well as every afternoon, and you'll do fine," Papa promised.

"When do we get to practice?" Randy asked.

"I won't play," said Richard, and he went mournfully to bed.

"If he really doesn't want to?" questioned Mama.

"Nonsense," said Papa, "though I suppose it means we'll have to go to hear him." He sighed and looked at his paper.

Miss Carroway called Mama on Thursday. "I won't be able to give the children their lessons tomorrow; I have quinsy. Since it's so near recital time, I'm going to send my niece, Susan Carroway. She's preparing for concert work, so they'll have an adequate teacher." Miss Carroway's voice faded away entirely so she hung up.

Mama told us that we were to practice especially hard to impress Miss Carroway's niece. We practiced as usual.

On Friday afternoon Miss Carroway's niece came to give us our lessons. She wore a kind of pink velvet tam on the side of her head. "Let me take your coat," Richard said. She wore a pink sweater and a navy blue skirt.

"Thank you," said Susan Carroway, and she smiled two dimples at Richard. Her hair was light and short and fly-away curly. Richard carried the brief case to the table.

"I usually play first," Richard said, "but I hate to because I don't play very well."

"What an understatement," murmured Randy, but Richard never noticed her.

"Oh, I think you'll do fine," encouraged Susan. She pulled her chair over by the piano. Richard opened to his scales.

"No," said Susan, "let's hear the piece."

Richard had been practicing twice as hard all week, but had shown little improvement until now. There was something gentle about the way he approached the music.

Susan played the passages where he stumbled. Then he played them. "Do you feel the difference?" she asked.

"Yes," said Richard fervently.

Randy and I were jealous, but when it was our turn Susan helped us the same way.

"How well you play," said Susan to Randy, "but the run here should go—" and she played it for us. Randy glowed. So did I.

"What a lovely piano lesson," said Mama. "I don't feel so discouraged about the recital now."

"Will you come next time?" asked Richard, standing on one foot.

"If my aunt isn't well enough," answered Susan, putting soft pink gloves on her white hands.

"I'll practice all week," promised Richard, changing feet eagerly, gazing after Miss Carroway's niece. He did, too. We fought for the piano. Thursday morning at five Mama had to hold Papa back to keep him from going into the living room to drag Richard back to bed. We could hear Mama arguing with Papa about it. Richard was using the soft pedal, but we could still hear the piano. Mama explained about Susan Carroway.

"You're improving," Papa said to Richard, "but don't overdo it."

"No sir," answered Richard, exercising his fingers and humming his recital piece.

SUSAN Carroway rang the doorbell on the next Thursday, also. We were waiting for her, watching through the curtains.

"My, how you've all improved," said Susan. "I think you'll all play lovely at the recital. You'll not be late?"

"Oh, no," said Richard emphatically. We waved goodby.

Afterwards Richard sat and held his music. "I think I'll be a concert pianist," he said.

"Richard can't keep this practicing up much longer," said Papa. "This Susan Carroway must be something to take a piano lesson from."

"Yes, she is." Mama looked worried. "How can this all end?" She began darning our stockings. Richard came in and sat at the piano. It was his turn.

"Richard," Mama said, "I just want you to play well enough for your own enjoyment." She bit her thread.

"Do you think she'll *really* like this?" Richard asked, playing again.

The Thursday before the recital we made Susan Carroway promise us that she'd be at the recital.

"I wouldn't miss it," said Susan, dimpling for us.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Richard, as Susan was preparing to leave after this last lesson.

"Just play as well Wednesday night as you played for me just now."

"I will," cried Richard, hanging out of the door, looking after her.

"We will," we cried.

"Of course you will," said Mama. "Now come help me get dinner on. No one is to touch the piano tonight while your father is home. He's been under quite a strain these past two weeks, and he seemed very nervous about your practicing this morning at five, Richard."

But Richard didn't hear her at all, and we hardly heard. We could still smell the perfume of Susan Carroway.

At last it was Wednesday. Randy and I wore ankle-length dresses, which were new. We practiced going to the piano, curtseying to the audience, and then sitting down gracefully. Richard tried on Father's dress suit, but it was far too big, so he just wore Father's bow

tie and shirt front with his own best black suit.

Mama was doubtful about Richard's clothes. "The neck on the shirt is too large, Richard."

"Do I look old?" asked Richard, scowling in the mirror above the fireplace.

"You'd better wear one of your own shirts," said Mama.

Richard looked at her scornfully. "I've never looked better," he declared. He combed his hair again and wiped the comb on his handkerchief. He had put oil on his hair to hold it straight back and flat. He held his music carefully.

"What on earth did you do to your hair?" Papa asked Richard when we went down to the car to go. My stomach felt hollow now that we were at last on our way. Richard kept swallowing and wetting his lips with his tongue. Randy's hands were almost as cold as mine.

MAMA and Papa went in through the front door, and we entered a side door. We took off our coats and hung them on hangers. Randy tried to fix Richard's shirt which was dislodged when he took off his overcoat. Miss Carroway assigned everybody seats on the platform. We couldn't see Susan.

"Isn't your niece going to be here?" Richard planted himself in front of Miss Carroway.

"Of course," said Miss Carroway, who kept dashing back and forth very busily. "She's going to be in the audience. Everyone ready now?"

We lined up. The audience clapped politely as we went onto the platform. My program was wrinkled from my damp hand. Richard wadded his into a ball.

We stared out at the audience. I picked out Mama and Papa. Papa was staring back hard at us; then I noticed he was staring at Richard. Papa looked very flustered. I looked at Richard. He looked quite odd in Papa's dress shirt. Richard had to keep pushing it up because of the large neck size. Papa leaned over and said something to Mama; she shook her head and frowned. She didn't look at us at all.

Miss Carroway was announcing that the program was to be carried out as written on the programs. Then the music began. The less advanced students played first. We had our pieces memorized, but Richard kept looking at his piece which he had brought to review until the last moment. He also kept searching the audience.

The door at the back of the hall finally opened, and Susan Carroway slipped in. A tall man in a tweed overcoat followed. They sat in seats at the rear.

Richard straightened up, stared wildly, and then slumped back in his seat. Randy and I both had to poke him when it was his turn. He went awkwardly to the piano and slouched on the seat. He began, stumbled, and came to a halt. He had forgotten!

Randy picked up his music and took it over to him. "What's the matter with you?" she hissed. Richard scowled at her and opened his music. I looked at Papa who had slid way down so I could hardly see him. Mama had fixed her eye on a chandelier.

Richard began again and went

clear through without a mistake. I played and then Randy, and at last it was all over. Mama and Papa came up to us. "That was fine," said Papa heartily. "Richard, why don't you put on your overcoat? Ready to go, girls?"

We were. It was fun now that it was all over. Susan Carroway made her way up to the front where we were. She brought the tall man with her. "My fiance," she explained. "Why, where is Richard?" He had slipped back into the cloak room.

I went for him. "You have to come out, Richard," I said.

Richard came out. "You played very well," said Susan smiling, and she shook hands with him. Richard looked very stiff and pale, but he shook hands.

"Well," said Papa when we were all going home, "what kind of sundaes do you want?" We chose hot fudge, but Richard didn't say anything.

"Richard?" asked Papa.

"Not any kind," said Richard, but when we drove up, he said maybe he'd have a fudge one.

Mama let us have a brief holiday from practicing the piano, and then we had to start again. Thump, thump, went Richard doing his scales.

"I'm glad there won't be another recital for a whole year," said Mama.

"Me too," said Richard tiredly, stumbling over his new piece, keeping one eye on the clock. He was back to practicing one half hour a day.

The Childless Mother

Christie Lund Coles

I take no honor from the many who
Are mothers and who wear their motherhood
With grace as beautiful as candle-glow,
Whose hands are swift in doing constant good.
And yet, I know for certain there are those
Who truly would be mothers and who ache
Deeply within themselves when seeing rows
Of girls in dresses that their mothers make.
For they are mothers to each lonely child
In neighborhood or church. They smile, they teach,
They encompass with love. Unreconciled,
They crave always this thing beyond their reach.

So, on this day, honoring another,
I pay a tribute to each childless mother.

A Converts' Granddaughter Returns

Part I

Helen and Cyril Pearson

I'M never likely to forget Valentine's Day, 1948. That's when our European trip had its inception. The telephone was ringing. It was one of the fellows at my husband's office in New York.

"Hold the line a moment," he said, "your husband Cy wants to speak to you."

My woman's curiosity was aroused. First of all, I don't like the nickname "Cy," but I've learned to put up with it. It was Cy all right.

"I'm going to Europe on company business," he said, "how'd you like to go along? We'll cross the Atlantic by the Queen Elizabeth—New York to Southampton, then up to London. Have a look at Hyde Park, and then wander over to Upper Brook Street at Horseshoe Yard, next door to the old home of Handel the composer. At number 6 Horseshoe Yard we'll find European Mission Headquarters. Then take the Golden Arrow train to Paris by way of the white cliffs of Dover."

"Don't forget Switzerland," I cut in, rising to the bait like a game trout to a hackle, "and Scandinavia, and Holland, and Belgium. By the way, when do we start, and how much is the ocean fare?"

"Leave New York on the Elizabeth, April 14th," Cy said, "round-trip cabin fare costs four hundred and fifty dollars."

And that's how it came about that the converts' granddaughter came to visit the land of her forefathers.

* * * *

IF once you have traveled by ship to Europe, as a missionary, you have a memorable contrast in store when you go by our ship, the "Lizzie," as the Queen Elizabeth is called, which is a floating palace. If the Hotel Utah had a twin, and the two of them could cruise together like an iceberg at thirty knots, you'd have a good comparison with the luxurious "Liz." A woman passenger expressed it well when she asked the deck steward, "When does this *place* reach England?"

The ship was in the lower Hudson opposite the Aquarium formerly known as Castle Garden, the European immigrant station of former times. You might call Castle Garden the Plymouth Rock of nineteenth century Zion. Tens of thousands of immigrant Mormons, with the gospel's burning zeal in their bosoms, have debarked at Castle Garden from vessels of sail and steam.

After passing Ambrose Light and you're out on open sea, it takes a good share of the afternoon to get settled in the small stateroom that will be your home for the five days until the Queen reaches a not-so-"merrie England." The officials check passports, distribute infor-

mation forms to be filled out, and keep you busy with a dozen other chores, including assignment of seats at the dining table. It's not till evening that you go out on deck to look at the brilliant moon and stars. The rain clouds have departed and the sky is as clear as night over the Arizona desert. Nearly a century ago your own grandparents were voyaging westward over this very sea—destination Zion in the Rocky Mountains, just like all the others who made the same journey in the past century.

According to the sailors aboard a modern ocean liner, each crossing of the Atlantic is either the roughest ever made or it's the smoothest. The sailors never admit that a crossing is perhaps just in between. It wouldn't be fair to the passengers, a grizzled steward remarks with a smile. Our voyage is the smoothest. The Liz's first stop is Cherbourg, France. Then she doubles back to Southampton. Contrariwise, landing day in Southampton is as sunny as embarkation in New York was rainy. The boat train is waiting to take us to London.

There's a catch verse in an old-fashioned reader that you used to think was a little oversweet. It ran. "Oh, to be in England now that April's there." Now you know the author wrote the truth. "This day is one of a dozen that've happened in England since the Middle Ages," a Londoner tells you facetiously. The mountain blooms of Provo Bench on the fairest day of a century couldn't surpass old Grandmother Britain today. The English fruit trees, hundreds of thousands of them, are literally weighted down with pink and white blossoms, drenched by hot sun. The train is racing through Hampshire. You wonder how many missionaries from the time of Heber C. Kimball till now have made this trip to London and have labored in these very towns. You recall that John Taylor, the only President of the Church who wasn't born in America, came from

> . . . this scepter'd isle. . . .
> This other Eden, demi-paradise;
> This fortress built by Nature for herself. . . .
> This precious stone set in the silver sea. . . .
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
> (William Shakespeare, *Richard II*, act 2, scene 1)

IT'S an hour and a half from Southampton to London's Waterloo Station, but you begin to scent the air of London about the time you reach Wimbledon, celebrated in the sports world as the great tennis center. London's an unknown big city, so you profit by past experience and take a taxi to your hotel on Piccadilly. Piccadilly is next to Hyde Park, where our Latter-day Saint missionaries hold forth at open-air meetings. Speaking Corner in Hyde Park is just next to Marble Arch, and it's just five minutes walk to Selfridge's American Style Department Store on Oxford Street. You can pick up a good American breakfast at Selfridge's. Marble Arch is the site of a bloody London gallows of the Middle Ages, so it's literally true that the sound of the voices of Lat-

LATTER-DAY SAINT OPEN AIR MEETING, HYDE PARK, LONDON

ter-day Saint elders, proclaiming the gospel at their Hyde Park meetings, carries right to one of the strongholds of ancient English tyranny.

On your first trip to Hyde Park, about seven in the evening, you meet the elders for the first time out, and you look on firsthand at the test by fire of a Hyde Park meeting. In a sense, the gibes of the crowd aren't personal, but the new missionary has to have the spirit of the Lord with him if he's going to stand up to his hecklers.

"Prove there's a God," bawls an atheist.

The presiding elder, an ex-United States Army bomber pilot, once stationed as a soldier in this very London, is willing to discuss the existence of God, and he does. At a favorable moment he asks a new missionary to embark on his speaking career.

"Tell them of the first vision," the experienced elder suggests.

The newcomer relates very simply, albeit a trifle haltingly, how the Father and Son, in response to the boy Joseph's prayer, visited the earth.

A raucous cockney in the crowd yells at the young elder, "You warn't there! Hi don't believe a word of it!"

A man in the crowd, sympathetic to the missionary, chides the heckler, "Leave the Mormon be! Maybe I don't believe it either, but I'll give 'im a chance."

This little dramatic clash makes the crowd perk up. Other people surge over to see what's going on. Quietly the ex-pilot missionary takes over from his less experienced colleague. He asks the interrupter, "Have you ever been at the North Pole?"

The crowd gets the point, and there's a modest clapping of hands and even a "Hear! Hear!" from the listening audience.

As you take the trip by bus from London to Oxford and from Oxford to Stratford on Avon, you see the breed of folk who have lived on these farms and fields since the time of the Saxons. One cannot help thinking how much Stratford-on-Avon resembles a New England village. There is no place in Utah quite similar to Stratford. Perhaps Logan, with the college taken away, would be most like it. Yet out of little countrified Stratford, in the sixteenth century, came the world's supreme literary genius.

Shakespeare's life is still an enigma. Perhaps the Latter-day Saint doctrine of the pre-existence would explain the life and works of the bard of Avon.

YOU'D like to stay longer in England, but you've got to move to France. So you begin the journey from London to Dover's white cliffs. Your train, the Golden Arrow, compares favorably with America's best. You reach Paris on the evening of April 30th, just in time for May Day, and you have your reservations at the Hotel California, just off the Champs Elysees, the Fifth Avenue of Paris. Paris is laid out like Washington, D. C., or, more properly, Washington is laid out like Paris, since the American capital was planned by a Parisian architect. As a lady missionary put it, if you know your way around Paris, you can get to your destination on the bias.

"But, Sister," she said to me, "if you don't know your way around Paris, stick to first principles. Other-

ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD ON AVON, ENGLAND

wise you'll end up where you're least expecting!"

For example, the intersection of streets at the *Etoile* in Paris reminds one of Washington's Dupont Circle. French Mission headquarters were formerly at 8 Place Malesherbes. You walk along the *Champs* to Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe at the *Etoile*, and then take Avenue Wagram, which leads you to Boulevard Malesherbes, near which is 8 Place Malesherbes. Incidentally, when you reach your location, you find memorial statues to Sarah Bernhardt and Alexander Dumas in a park next door to former mission headquarters of "L'Eglise de Jesus Christ des Saints des Derniers Jours," as our Church is known in France.

In Paris each apartment house is under charge of a caretaker. The caretaker is generally a woman known as a *concierge*. The concierge at 8 Place Malesherbes tells you that French Mission headquarters have been transferred to Geneva in Switzerland, but that services in Paris are held at 184 St. Germain Boulevard, on the left bank of the Seine. We start for the St. Germain address.

To use a phrase well-known to Latter-day Saints, the weather continues to be of the kind that might be described as "paradisiacal." Over here they say, "Paris in the spring!" and let it go at that, but it has a special meaning to the Continental mind.

MOST of the streets of Paris are named after great men and women and historical events. For example, the Cours de la Reine is the road taken by Queen Marie Antoinette from the suburbs of Paris to her prison in the Conciergerie. Boulevard Hausmann is named for the great planner of modern Paris. There are streets and squares named for Voltaire, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Leningrad, and British King George V (everyone, including Americans, gives it the French designation, George Cinq). As we walk, a crossing street sign says "Place de Toquerville." Baron de Toquerville was an early French explorer who visited the West. Toquerville in Utah is named for the same man whose name is honored by the street in Paris.

You cross the Seine and arrive at the Church hall in the vicinity of Mont Parnasse. L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, where many a Utah artist has studied, is nearby. Today is fast day. A hymn "Sois Tranquille—Maitre la Tempete Lance, Ses Vagues Autour de Nous," is sung. Translated, of course, the song is "Master the Tempest Is Raging." A small group of faithful saints are present and bear their testimonies in easy-flowing French, the despair of a mere American who only studied the language in school. But the spirit is just the same as that of testimonies borne in Utah or Hawaii, or among the Indian tribes.

"After all, why shouldn't it be?" a delightful old French sister remarks after Church. "All of us are the sons and daughters of God who lived together for aeons in the pre-existence; we only reside on this earth three score years and ten!"

After services, the missionaries take us nearby to Henriette's, a small

CONCIERGERIE, DEATH PRISON OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, PARIS, FRANCE

French restaurant, liked by our elders and students these many years. The table service at Henriette's is gratifying to a Latter-day Saint visitor. It means you won't have to wrestle with explaining you drink neither "vin blanc" (white wine) nor "vin rouge" (red wine), and what you want is simply "l'eau naturelle," or ordinary water out of the faucet. Henriette and her staff serve pitchers of water to the missionaries, and have been doing it for years. If that seems a small thing, wait until you've visited Europe as a tourist.

"See Paris and die!" is the old adage, but for the present we decide to forego the latter part of the adage and see Switzerland instead.

(To be continued)

A Pattern For Mother

Caroline Eyring Miner

WHEN mothers were given to us, or we were given to them, I was plain lucky. I can't think of any other reason for my getting a near-perfect one.

First and foremost, mother is, and always has been, my best friend, my most ardent admirer. I am absolutely secure in my feeling that what I do will be wonderful to mother, and I always felt that way. I believe it made me want to try to do things that would really justify her extravagant praise.

"That cake," she said to me once when I was a child and had presented my trial to her for approval, "has the nicest frosting you've ever made." That was true enough and the hole in the middle of the cake itself, where the top had tried to meet the bottom, didn't seem to matter much, after all. Later, perhaps, it did, when my brothers joked me about it, but for that moment it was good. Mother wasn't disappointed. I thought then she didn't even see the fallen part. Now I know she did, but she saw the bigger thing, the commendation I needed for my earnest effort in spite of results.

Mother is an optimist. She sees the bright side of everything. I guess that is a sort of gift, but it can also be cultivated. She almost never eats a meal that isn't the best one she has ever eaten. Each sunset is the most glorious ever. Each grandchild is in his way practically perfect. It's a wonderful gift she has of being uncritical.

Talk about a worker! There's not an idle muscle in her body. This almost-perfect world seems still to have plenty of room for her mending, her scrubbing, her re-arranging. She's up with the crack of dawn, and while there's work to be done she's at it.

She loves the little things that matter; the things that are free have a special lure. From the time we were tiny tots we learned that when we ran to tell mother about the silver fingernail moon or the golden curtains in the western sky, she would drop everything and go with us to enjoy it. And we learned to truly value these things because mother loved them and that meant they must really be remarkable.

Mother was a psychologist long before that term became commonplace. "You've had all you can eat, Thomas; you know you have!" she would insist to her young brother who had had only half enough pancakes to satisfy him. But he would nod his head in affirmation. He says now he must have been hypnotized. This, too, was part of her philosophy of optimism.

Every holiday was a marvelous occasion at our house because of mother, and the birthday of each of us a major holiday. It wasn't that we had much in the way of material things, but there was always something and a great deal of optimistic praise and happiness to set it off as a prize package. The year I

got some red beads and some woolen material for a blouse for my Christmas I felt like a queen. I now know it was largely because of mother's enthusiasm.

One year we couldn't spare the dollar for a Christmas tree, so mother helped us set up a heavy tree branch in a can of rocks and then we children gathered mistletoe to make it a perfectly beautiful tree.

There never was a better audience than mother. When I was practicing she would announce the speech or contest entry I had to prepare in order to make the situation seem realistic to me, and would listen patiently and enthusiastically while it was being perfected. If we had assignments to make in Sunday School or 4-H Club she was right there to see that we did our job. Nothing was impossible of accomplishment for mother, or for us; she figured "the impossible was only a little harder."

Do you want to be a good mother? I've given you a sort of pattern.

Stay With Me Now!

Pansye H. Powell

Stay with me here on this grassy mountain ledge
High from the valley, and look down upon
Aspens and pines and the rock-strewn river's edge.
Stay here awhile until the sun is gone;
See where the wall of green can touch the sky,
Lifting above the valley's checkered spread.
Lean on this graying lichened stone, or lie
And watch the mounting clouds grow tinged with red.
Silently now the mountain creatures wait
The dawn of night, and I would wait with you,
To feel the present comfort of my mate,
Knowing how fleeting are these days and few.
Stay with me now; these mountain walls enfold
Too much of beauty for one heart to hold!

Daily Bread

Miranda Snow Walton

"Give us this day our daily bread—"
Her children learned to pray,
But bread was such a homey thing
And God seemed far away.
They watched her baking golden loaves,
A thing which they could share,
And symbolized this daily rite
As answer to a prayer.

In These Hills

Evelyn Wooster Viner

Here in these hills
My roots grow deep.
I look across the richness
Of the fruited plain
But feel no covetousness
For others' worldly gain.
Here in these hills
My roots grow deep.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1890

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A HAWAIIAN SUN MYTH: Ages ago there ruled over one of the seven isles that now form collectively the kingdom of Hawaii, the powerful demi-god Maui. So great was he that the island which he governed is known today by his name, and is second in size and importance of them all. The great demi-god saw each day the sun rise out of the vast crater on the eastern summit; and he resolved like Joshua of old to stop it on its course. So he prepared a net and had it carried on the shoulders of a thousand men, and in one night spread it from one peak to another, until it covered the great crater. Then he watched, and when the sun god again arose from out of the depths of that profound abyss he found himself entangled in the spreading mesh. In vain he sent his fiery shafts abroad; they passed through the deftly woven meshes without weakening them; and so at last the sun god prayed to be released. Maui exacted but one condition; that was that for all future time the sun should shine with warm but gentle power on the island, never shrouding his rays in mist or fog or causing them to beat too strongly on the favored island. The promise given, the net was cut away, and since then sun has kept its pledge.—*Ex.*

CHANGES

Beauteous, blissful, sunny childhood,
Peerless, priceless, joyous youth!
Pure, unburdened, simple pleasures,
Fraught with trust and love and truth.
Wherefore do ye fade and vanish,
Ere we learn to prize your worth?
Ah! you're crowded out by changes—
New delights, new ones find birth.

SANPETE STAKE: The Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of Sanpete Stake was held at Ephraim, in the meeting house, Friday, March 14, 1890. Pres. M. A. Hyde presiding. Pres. Hyde spoke of the appearance of the Prophet Joseph, the impression he made upon those with whom he associated, his noble and dignified bearing. She had the privilege of hearing his teaching, but did not then appreciate the importance of each golden word. He seemed to have the power of winning every heart, and even his enemies softened towards him if he could converse with them. Alluded to the time when her husband, Apostle Orson Hyde, returned from a council very sad, informed her that Joseph had thrown the responsibility of the work upon the Twelve, she felt then something would take him from the people. Sister Hyde then exercised the gift of tongues, and Sister Snow gave the interpretation.

MISCELLANEOUS: It is one of the strangest of all strange things in life that people are not kinder to one another. And it is beyond all understanding why one trudging along life's highway should care to go out of his way to stab another, who is doubtless having all he can do to keep up the march and tug his gripsack along.
—*Boston Commonwealth*

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THIS Mothers' Day month we are proud of our aged women—the mothers who have so greatly influenced the life of our communities. Full of years, full of grace, faith, and the deeper wisdom that comes with approach to the eternal portals, they give forth inspiration among us. In this group are: Anne C. Milne, 101, exceeding by three and one-half months the age of Mary Susannah Higgs Slaeter, also 101; Samantha Jane Tawney, 100, living with a son aged 80; Lucy Smith Cardon, Logan, 98, who has been a subscriber to the Relief Society's literary organ every single year since its first appearance as the *Woman's Exponent* in 1872.

Ruth May Fox, 96, for forty years was a member of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association general board, and for almost nine years its general president; Martha Burnham, 96, oldest Davis County pioneer, born in Iowa, where her father originated the American greenback; Sarah Sprague Bates, 96, one of the first pioneers of Monroe, Utah, with more than 100 living descendants; Susannah Matilda Huish, 95.

Augusta Winters Grant, widow of President Heber J. Grant, lacks two months of being 94; Sarah Graham Buxton, 91; Ursula Bandley Gee, 91, who has served 60 years as a Relief Society block teacher; Mary Schwartz Smith, widow of President Joseph F. Smith, known as a "Mrs. Good Deeds."

WITH their husbands, Mrs. Emily Cooley Wells of Vineyard, Utah, and Mrs. U. E. Curtis have celebrated their sixty-seventh wedding anniversaries, while Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Petty have enjoyed their sixty-sixth anniversary.

ROSALIE KIMBALL EDWARDS, a faithful and beloved woman, who was the last surviving daughter of President Heber C. Kimball, died recently in Ogden. She was the mother of ten children.

Death has also claimed Nicoline J. Hansen Heiselt at the age of ninety-seven and Frankie Olivia Glen, ninety-six.

TWO women who contributed much to the cultural life of Utah have also been called by death: Nellie Druce Pugsley, who was soloist with the Tabernacle Choir at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and a promoter of higher educational goals in Salt Lake City; Kate Thomas, one of the persistent promoters of our Oratorio Society, and one of our most sensitive poets, expressed the spirit of our State and people as few have been able to do.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 37 MAY 1950 NO. 5

Memorial Days

DURING the month of May, throughout this Nation, two memorial days are observed: Mother's Day on the second Sunday of the month in veneration of ideal motherhood; and Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, inaugurated to honor our soldier dead, and observed May 30.

Mother's Day is the "holiday of heart and home," wrote Ann Jarvis, its founder. It was designed as a great homecoming day, a day of family reunions; a day of uplift in the homes and churches and in the individual lives of men and women. It is a day set apart for loving remembrance of mother, for a glance back through the pages of time and a recollection of the lessons she has taught and the righteous principles she has endeavored to inculcate in us. It is a day wherein our appreciation for her loving service and our thankfulness for her life find expression in word and deed. No one can deny the worthwhileness of the day and the enduring values of love and strengthened family ties accruing therefrom.

Memorial Day was inaugurated in 1868 by General John A. Logan for the purpose of decorating the graves of Civil War veterans. It has now become a national holiday, on which we pay tribute not alone to those whose courage, love of country, and allegiance to it made them willing to sacrifice their lives in defense of it, but to all of our loved ones who have trodden the path of life, left their mark upon our lives, and returned to their heavenly home. It is becoming for the living to think in loving appreciation of the dead. Calling to mind their virtues strengthens the virtues of those who remember. With this appreciation comes soul growth. Who would question the worthiness of Memorial Day?

The creation of memorials in one form or another to commemorate great events, to perpetuate noble ideals and worthy accomplishments, to honor distinguished persons, is as old as time itself. Exodus 12:14 records the observance of memorial feasts in the days of Moses: "And this day shall be unto you for a memorial; and ye shall keep it a feast to the Lord throughout your generations; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance forever."

The New Testament records memorial observances. The sacrament is a memorial. In Luke 22:19 we read: "And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me."

Today some of our finest works of art, executed by the greatest of craftsmen inspired by the nobility of a character, the loftiness of some pursuit, or the greatness of an

achievement, stand as memorials to men and events of the past.

Irrespective of the form, whether it be a special feast day, sacred service, holiday, or work of art, a memorial calls to mind things of worth from the past. Remembering, our souls are stirred and, relating these to the present, they become factors in our own conduct. We find ourselves stimulated by loftier aspirations, strengthened by higher resolves, and imbued with a greater determination to live our own lives better.

It is entirely right that memorials be created. It is befitting that we observe memorial days, considering well the reasons for their existence.

—B. S. S.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of the University of Utah

(1850-1950)

ONE hundred years have passed since the General Assembly of the State of Deseret passed a resolution founding a university in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The time was only three years after the first pioneers drove their covered wagons through the portals of Emigration Canyon and beheld the valley of promise before them. Our pioneer forefathers, who had already established a university in their beloved Nauvoo, set themselves to build an institution of learning in the western wilderness. In the midst of poverty, insecurity, and the exacting labors of conquering a desert land, they looked well to the future and laid the foundation for a university which has grown to large stature and ranks high among American institutions of learning.

In the interval between 1850 and 1950, men of intellectual strength and broad vision have presided over the university and directed its advancement. Orson Spencer was appointed as the first chancellor and was followed by John R. Park, the first president, who served twenty-three years and willed to the university his entire estate, including a 4,000 volume library. Our own beloved apostle, James E. Talmage, a world-renowned scholar, served as president four years and resigned at the time of his selection as a member of the Council of the Twelve. He was followed by Joseph T. Kingsbury, a scientist, who became president in 1897. John A. Widtsoe, now a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, also served as president of the university, which attained high standards of scholarship and influence under his leadership. George Thomas, an able and experienced educator, followed President Widtsoe and, in turn, was succeeded by LeRoy E. Cowles, whose administration was marked by the establishment of many new departments. Since 1946, A. Ray Olpin, who completed his undergraduate work at Brigham Young University,

has presided over the University of Uah, directing the institution in a period of rapid expansion.

The centenary observance which took place in February was an occasion for remembering the struggles and achievements of the past and a dedication to future progress. Many distinguished visitors attended the celebration and thousands of alumni returned to the campus. An outstanding feature of the occasion was the academic procession, which was followed by a convocation in beautiful Kingsbury Hall.

At this meeting, President George Albert Smith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was honored by the conferring upon him of the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities. In presenting the degree to President Smith, Dean Meredith Wilson read, in part:

. . . . He has helped to build a living economy, devoted years to the handicapped, kept alive a devotion to the ideals and achievements of the pioneers, and invested his best efforts in the leadership of tomorrow. A prophet to the members of his Church, a counselor, and friend to all, being a servant of all men, he is in truth, a man of God. For this lifetime of devoted service to the welfare of his fellow men, I recommend that he be awarded the degree of Doctor of Humanities. . . .

—V. P. C.

The Landmark

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The cottonwood was mountain strong,
Yet a gentle thing, a living song;
Its gnarled old branches, reaching high,
Wove a silver net against the sky.
The shining leaves vied with the stars;
Great clusters, hiding century scars,
Were tremulous like wind-touched lace
As the big tree swayed from clefted base,
And with shattered nest and lonely sound,
Like an emerald cloud, lay on the ground;
The foliage fell like tapestry.
Landmarks were mentioned quietly.

Without Price

C. Cameron Johns

Only as a pine tree owns the hill
Or white silk clouds lay claim upon
the sky,
Can the heart possess beauty.

To hold it with an open hand,
To touch it with light fingers,
To fill the eye with never-sated hunger
for it,
Is as near to purchasing
As we may come.

Reflections

Rose Lee Bond

What do you think I did last night?
I lighted a lamp, and there in its light
I saw your face as it used to shine,
Two loving eyes looked again into mine.

While in this dream the flame burned
low;
As it flickered and died, you seemed to go
Back into the twilight, from whence you
had come,
Leaving me breathless, and glowing, and
young.

Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

Chapter 5

Edith Ashe, a widow, forty-seven, in pride and desperation, after hearing her daughter-in-law Annette denounce her to her son Kit, takes a job as companion to an aged, crippled woman, Mrs. Lewis, whose son Cory is away on a business trip. Edith has four sons, none of whom she can live with, but has always longed for a daughter. She warms to Cory's daughter Linnie, who has come home from Boston to prepare for her wedding in June. Edith is jarred from her own self-pity when she hears the girl crying in the night because the big house is so ugly. Edith offers her own much-loved furniture, which has been stored, and together they redecorate the living room and dining room.

Cory, coming home unexpectedly, looks minutely at the beautifully furnished room, says not a word, but goes upstairs, apparently angry.

EDITH lay awake in alternate anger and mortification for hours after the nightmarish scene with Mr. Lewis at dinner. She dreaded to meet him in the morning, and could think of no graceful way out of the situation. She was tempted to pack silently and be gone in the morning—let him do as he wished about the furniture.

None of them had eaten. Linnie had turned from the stairway with a gesture of helplessness, tears glistening on her long lashes. Edith could offer no comfort; the kind she had offered had only made matters worse. Why hadn't she known it would offend and anger him? Again, as at Annette's party, she had missed the whole delicacy of human relationship.

Nevertheless, at breakfast neither Linnie nor her father betrayed by tone or look any remembrance of last night's episode.

"They're an old family, Daddy," Linnie was saying.

"And are these Bostonians coming out here to the wedding? Will they inspect us?"

"They are coming to the wedding—Paul's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fontaine, and his sister Emily Barnard—and her husband, and Gene Hilyer, Paul's best man."

"And I guess we are to put them up."

"Yes, Daddy. Almost a week."

A week! Edith was appalled, thinking of the bedrooms upstairs, the old-fashioned bathroom, the archaic kitchen, and the impossible back yard she had glimpsed from the kitchen windows. It was the end of April and the yards around the neighborhood were sprouting new grass, putting forth green leaves, but the Lewis yard was overrun with rank growth, unplanted and untended, rose bushes all run to thorns, and a lone weeping birch. A high rock wall surrounded it and Edith loved rock walls, but this one was broken and crumbling untidily in spots, buried under spiny bushes of no character. The front yard, while planted to lawn, had bare spots and overgrown corners.

The April rains had washed the dark stone of the house, however, and it shone as if waxed. The ivy had lost its lifeless look. Its tender green fingers spread in all directions, and reached to the eaves of the brown, slanted roofs. The beauty of the flagstone terrace could not be spoiled by neglect. The architecture was compact, old-fashioned as it was. Edith guessed it had been conservative in its day. Beauty was beauty from any age of building, and the lines of the house were lovely.

"Mrs. Ashe," Mr. Lewis broke in on her musings, "may I see you directly after breakfast?"

Edith's heart plunged. He looked stern, would probably let her go—after indicting her with a few well-chosen words, of course. Her hands and feet were icy as she followed him into the living room. He indicated a chair, and took one himself, facing her. He regarded her gravely for some moments, and she waited, calm now, with rising indignation.

"You have made this room very, very beautiful. I can never tell you how thankful I am that you came to us at this time," he said.

EDITH'S head whirled with dizzy relief. "I—I thought you were angry, Mr. Lewis, at my presumption, and about my — initiative." How she hated that word.

"Angry? Why should I be angry?"

"Linnie said you never charged anything, and I—"

Mr. Lewis made an impatient gesture with his hand, as if the matter was of no importance. "Give me the bill and I'll send a check."

"You didn't say anything. Linnie and I both thought you were angry."

"I was overwhelmed. It was seeing a dream—a very old and almost forgotten dream come true. It was pretty vivid, like Linnie's mother and I had planned it—more than twenty years ago. It was unbelievable. I had to get out of here before I made an utter fool of myself."

"Oh, I see," said Edith.

"I had a pretty bad night," he told her soberly.

"I can imagine," sympathized Edith.

"It wasn't just remembering," he went on. "It was seeing what I had failed to do for Linnie that gave me the worst time. What her home could have been like. I could see her love for this room. She has an instinct for beauty, and I have surrounded the child with ugliness, thinking—well, not thinking at all, only of myself. It was pretty bitter."

Edith was silent, her judgment of him undergoing a rapid change.

"There's no excuse for it. I had the money. This house—I can see that I wouldn't think of it because it was painful to go on without her. That place I left dark and secret, and turned my energy into work. Coming into this room last night was like having someone rip away the blinds."

"It was cruel," said Edith, really sorry.

"It was good," said Mr. Lewis, "should have been done years ago. I know I can't make up to Linnie for a whole lifetime, but I would like to make these last weeks into

something special. What does she need?"

"It will be a lot of work—and very expensive," she said.

"Hang the expense! We can hire the work done."

"Well, it falls into three categories," said Edith, "Linnie's trousseau, the yards, and the house. Let me show you." She led the way upstairs for a tour. In Linnie's room a magazine was lying open to a girl's bedroom, done in dainty pastels, with bouffant treatment for the dressing table, spread, and window curtains. Mr. Lewis looked at it, at Linnie's unattractive room.

"I see," he said grimly.

"If Linnie will have guests these other rooms should be done, more moderately, of course, but attractively." She showed him the bathroom, the kitchen, and the back yard.

"I haven't really looked at them for years. They're pretty bad. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Do what?"

"The house. Order anything you want to. I'll send the workmen. I'll take care of the yard. I have a few ideas of my own."

"Linnie and I. She wants the experience for her own house."

"Fine! Fine!" he beamed. "Edith Ashe, you are the best thing that has happened to us in a long time."

"Thank you, Mr. Lewis. Your household has been good for me, too," Edith told him.

"It isn't possible," he exclaimed, looking at her with interest.

"But it is!" insisted Edith. "I was like my furniture, wrapped and stored away—in a state of suspended animation."

"I don't believe it," he scoffed, "anyone as interested in life as you are, as radiant. Yet you are changed. I didn't think of you as particularly beautiful that first morning. Fine looking, aristocratic, yes, but now you are beautiful."

"Nonsense," said Edith, flushing, but his words warmed her long after he had gone.

THERE was high excitement when she broke the news to the rest of them. They had, of course, been bursting with curiosity to know what the interview was about, especially when Edith and Mr. Lewis trooped through the house.

"Oh, Aunt Edith!" Linnie grabbed her and waltzed her around the table; they all talked at once.

"A new kitchen," beamed Amanda.

"Isn't Daddy wonderful? A pretty bedroom! And a trousseau! Come! Come! Come to the fair," she sang, rushing to the piano to play the accompaniment.

The activity began at once. Before noon workmen had invaded the back yard and were pounding at the back door, wanting to know where the "lady" wanted the woodwork washed, the furniture moved, and the painting done. Edith wasn't prepared for them, and sent them to the basement to clean the furnace room.

"A good place to begin," crowed Grandma Lewis. "I never could abide sitting in the parlor, knowing the cellar's dirty."

Two men repaired the rock wall

(*Continued on page 355*)

A Letter From Mother

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

How are you my darlings! This is a beautiful day. The sun played havoc with my good intentions this morning so, instead of housecleaning as I had planned to do, I spent the time outdoors in my flower garden. Nature certainly does something to one. Intentionally, too. Just look at the shower of beauty on the blossoming trees, and the glowing radiance that greets us along the garden path. Could anything be sweeter? Unless it be love.

Love! If we doubt that this is the time of year for love, we need only look at the newspapers to see pictures of lovely young girls crowding each other for space to announce their coming nuptials, to convince us of the fact. And we wouldn't wish it were otherwise.

Romantic love is necessary to a successful marriage, all right, but it doesn't supply everything, as you well know. I wonder sometimes if these radiant young girls have considered well the basic needs for this long partnership. Has each one found the answers to these questions: Is her lover kind? Is he considerate? Dependable? Are his religious beliefs the same as hers? Ah, there is the important question. When a girl is deeply in love she wants nothing to separate her and her sweetheart-husband, either in this life or the next. In fact, there is no time limit imposed in her mind. Never to part, is the idea.

But does she know that her fiance feels the same way about it? Is it important enough for him to have prepared himself for the consummation of their love at the altar in the only place that can bring about this lasting happiness? Our temple ceremony is thrilling and inspiring, worth great sacrifice in order to obtain its blessings, for it entitles us to eternal salvation in the celestial kingdom of God, together, if we remain faithful to our vows. It is a noble heritage and it can be ours.

These thoughts crowd in upon me at this romantic and glorious time of year. But you know already how deeply serious the marriage vow seems to me. Forever, is the way I regard it.

You might want to teach your very young people, maybe from six years on up, to aim high in their final permanent choice. It might grow to be very important to them.

Evening follows morning, they tell me, so I had better close my letter now and prepare the lesson for Relief Society meeting which we hold in the evening here. Please write to me soon. I love you all dearly.

MOTHER
Clara Horne Park

My Inland Sea

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Though I am inland born and inland reared,
I feel the mystery of ancient seas;
The wide blue skies embrace all I hold dear,
And Monday's sheets flaunt white sails to the breeze.

Storing Food in a Two-Room Apartment

Esther Clark Naylor

(Reprinted by request from *The Relief Society Magazine*, August 1948)

IN the matter of storing food in my small, heated apartment I have been rather successful. To do this I have had to use care, when the heat was on in the winter months, to select an outside wall or corner of the rooms where there are no heated pipes in the wall or the floor, to stack the cases of food against the wall or in the corner. Then in the summertime the food should be moved to an inside wall or closet, the coolest place in the room.

In this way I have been able to keep the food until it was used up, usually from two to three years. I make my plans to store a two years' supply every summer.

The canned foods stored consist of string beans, peas, corn, tomatoes (if I do not home can the tomatoes), tomato soup, vegetable soup, grapefruit, canned milk, and honey, with some canned meat and fish. The canned milk should be turned over every week or two. By doing this, milk can be kept for at least one year. Of course, dried beans and rice will keep indefinitely. I am now using beans and rice that were purchased about six years ago. However, the rice must be watched to avoid the weevil getting into it. I think the sealed packages would be the safest, although I have been successful in storing the loose rice, by putting it in very thick paper bags and placing these bags in a very heavy seamless sack and tying each sack tightly.

Butter also can be stored for at least one year if kept in sealed bottles in the refrigerator. Before storing, melt the butter over heat that is hot enough to send the curd or whey to the bottom and then pour the pure butter fat into a well-sterilized bottle, and seal. Care should be taken that no curd goes into the bottle. There is no waste in this method, as the curd or whey can be used in cookie making.

In storing home-canned fruits, such as peaches, applesauce, plums, etc., I have used the same method of storing as for the storage of canned foods. I keep one year's supply ahead, sometimes more. The jams and jellies I store in my cupboards, but I always seal the jams as I do the fresh fruit.

I haven't been very successful in storing cheese for a very long period of time. I have kept flour successfully by lining a wall behind a door with brown paper and stacking flour in sacks, surrounding each sack with brown paper. It kept for over a year.

In planning a storage for a single person in a two-room apartment it is helpful to estimate food needs. A can of peas will last for four meals; a one-quart bottle of fruit will last for five meals; a large can of tomatoes will provide a serving for each of five meals.

Magazine Subscriptions for 1949

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

WITH thankfulness and gratitude the general board acknowledges the outstanding work which has been done during 1949 by *Relief Society Magazine* representatives—encouraged and supported by their ward and stake, branch and mission presidencies—in placing *The Relief Society Magazine* in the homes of Latter-day Saints and friends. Due to their faithful efforts, and the loyalty of the subscribers, *The Relief Society Magazine* has been placed in 83,444 homes in 1949, an increase of 5,704 subscriptions over 1948.

This remarkable increase is very gratifying and all Relief Society members will rejoice to know that for the first time for the past several years, the *Magazine* has become once more self-supporting.

The number of subscriptions represents only 68% of the Relief Society membership as of December 1949, so there continue to be goals ahead to be reached.

We would wish that those stakes which are found below 75% in the listing of stakes would resolve to place *The Relief Society Magazine* into more of their homes, for the general board considers it a missionary for Relief Society, and believes any Latter-day Saint woman may receive encouragement for better living through reading in its pages.

The following tables show those organizations to which the highest honors go this year, and the general board congratulates each one of them on its outstanding record.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stakes

South Los Angeles (California), 134%
Magazine Representative—Nancy M. Rupp

Wards

Twenty-third Ward, Salt Lake Stake (Utah), 284%
Magazine Representative—Nellie A. Harter

Mission

California Mission, 96%
Mission President—Vivian R. McConkie

Mission District

Mojave Desert, California Mission, 150%

Mission Branch

Franklin (West Virginia), East Central States Mission, 263%
Magazine Representative—Alice B. Hartman

Six Stakes Achieving Highest Percentages

South Los Angeles (California) ....134....Nancy M. Rupp
Provo Stake (Utah) .....121....Flora Buggart
Rexburg Stake (Idaho) .....119....Daphne Nef
Phoenix Stake (Arizona) .....113....Zola Stapley
Shelley Stake (Idaho) .....111....Eva L. Clinger, Pres.
San Joaquin Stake (California) .....109....Sarah E. Dana

Seven Missions Achieving Highest Percentages

California .....96....Vivian R. McConkie, Pres.
East Central States .....87....Hilda M. Richards, Pres.
Western States .....85....Mildred M. Dillman, Pres.
Texas-Louisiana .....85....Leone R. Bowring, Pres.
Australian .....84....Blanche K. Richmond, Pres.
Northwestern States .....78....Georgina F. Richards, Pres.
Northern States .....77....Elna P. Haymond, Pres.

Five Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Above

Idaho Falls Stake (Idaho) .....Clemey Young
Rexburg Stake (Idaho) .....Daphne Nef
San Joaquin (California) .....Sarah E. Dana
South Los Angeles (California) .....Nancy M. Rupp
Sugar House (Utah) .....Melissa K. Wallace

Wards and Branches in Stakes and Missions Achieving 200% or Higher

Twenty-third Ward, Salt Lake Stake (Utah) .....284%....Nellie A. Harter
Franklin Branch (West Virginia), East Central States Mission .....263%....Alice B. Hartman
Halifax (Nova Scotia), New England Mission .....260%....Ruth Robar
East Point Branch (Georgia), Southern States Mission .....250%....Geneve Dubrawski

East Fresno Branch, Northern California Mission ....248%....Georgia Markow
Orange Branch (Texas), Texas-Louisiana Mission .....243%....Mrs. Clark Barrett
Manavu Ward, Provo Stake (Utah) .....230%....Flora Buggart
Priest River Branch (Idaho), Northwestern States Mission .....220%....Myrtle Biggs
South Gate Ward (California), South Los Angeles Stake .....224%....Marie De Spain
Santa Fe Branch (New Mexico), Western States Mission .....214%....Alta Jordon
Glen Huon Branch, Australian Mission .....206%....Marjorie Watson
Amarillo Branch (Texas), Texas-Louisiana Mission.....200%....Ruth M. Ray
Beaumont Branch (Texas), Texas-Louisiana Mission 200%....Darlene James
Brentwood Branch, San Joaquin Stake (California) ....200%....Bernice Geddes
Tyrell's Lake Branch, Taylor Stake (Canada) .....200%....Clara E. Selk

Stakes by Percentages

South Los Angeles	134	Farr West	93
Provo	121	Taylor	93
Rexburg	119	North Jordan	92
Phoenix	113	Grant	91
Shelley	111	North Box Elder	91
San Joaquin	109	Salt Lake	91
San Fernando	104	Twin Falls	91
Idaho Falls	104	San Francisco	90
Burley	102	Alberta	90
North Idaho Falls	102	Blackfoot	90
Sugar House	102	Humboldt	89
Rigby	102	St. Joseph	88
Cassia	101	Big Cottonwood	88
San Bernardino	101	Sharon	87
Long Beach	101	Chicago	87
Oquirrh	101	South Box Elder	87
Emigration	100	North Rexburg	87
Highland	100	Ensign	87
San Juan	100	San Diego	86
Bannock	100	Boise	86
Florida	100	Sevier	86
Liberty	99	Oneida	85
Moapa	99	Bonneville	85
Inglewood	98	South Bear River	85
Pasadena	98	Malad	85
Granite	97	Cache	84
Palo Alto	97	Utah	84
West Pocatello	96	Sacramento	83
Nampa	95	South Idaho Falls	83
Wasatch	95	Park	83
Union	95	Alpine	83
South Ogden	95	Denver	83
Kolob	94	Minidoka	83
South Salt Lake	94	Bear River	82
Ogden	94	Cottonwood	82

Bear Lake	82
Young	81
Reno	81
West Utah	80
Uintah	80
Yellowstone	79
Portneuf	79
Timpanogos	79
Parowan	79
Weiser	79
Mt. Graham	79
Wells	78
Ben Lomond	78
East Rigby	78
St. George	78
Hillside	78
East Provo	77
West Jordan	77
Berkeley	77
Big Horn	76
Juarez	76
Lethbridge	75
Maricopa	75
Davis	75
South Davis	75
Oakland	74
Palmyra	74
Uvada	74
Los Angeles	74
Tooele	73
Teton	72
Gridley	72
Pocatello	72
Southern Arizona	72
Mesa	71
Franklin	70
Pioneer	70
Idaho	70
North Davis	70
Lehi	70
American Falls	69
Lake View	69
Seattle	69
Kanab	69
Deseret	69
North Sanpete	69
Millard	68
St. Johns	68
Snowflake	68
Raft River	67
Panguitch	67
East Cache	67
Zion Park	66
Star Valley	66
South Carolina	66
Emery	65
Logan	65
Orem	65
Mt. Jordan	64
Mt. Logan	64
Weber	64
Nevada	63
South Sevier	63
East Riverside	63
Mt. Ogden	63
Montpelier	62
Riverside	62
Spokane	61
New York	61
Smithfield	61
Duchesne	61
Grantsville	61
Lost River	60
Morgan	60
South Sanpete	60
Cedar	60
Temple View	60
San Luis	60
Roosevelt	59
Summit	59
Benson	58
Blaine	57
East Mill Creek	56
North Weber	56
Nebo	56
North Carbon	56
Carbon	56
North Sevier	55
Beaver	55
Juab	53
Lyman	53
Woodruff	52
Wayne	49
South Summit	49
East Jordan	49
Garfield	48
Gunnison	48
Washington	48
Hyrum	48
Portland	47
Santaquin-Tintic	42
Moroni	34
Moon Lake	24
Oahu	21

Glendale, Nyssa, East Long Beach, East Los Angeles, and University are not listed, as they are new stakes.

HONOR ROLL

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta Stake	**604**	**545**	**90**	**Retta W. Barrus**
Aetna	21	18	86	Iris Jensen
Beazer	14	13	93	**Arla Prince**
Cardston First	46	58	126	Eleanor Brown
Cardston Second	67	56	84	Mrs. David Wilmont
Cardston Fourth	60	58	97	La Jeanne Tanner
Glenwood	60	50	83	**Eliza Beaves**
Hartley	19	22	116	Annie B. Orr
Hillspring	66	69	105	Viola Wynder
Jefferson	19	25	132	Chloe Shafer
Leavitt	40	33	83	Emma Broadbent
Mountain View	66	64	97	Mrs. Wm. Payne, Jr.
Taylorsville	16	16	100	Rowayne Wolsey
Woolford	20	15	75	Margaret Pitcher
Alpine Stake	**656**	**544**	**83**	**Edna L. Meredith**
American Fork Third	126	108	86	Donna Tregaskis
American Fork Fourth	56	47	84	Ann C. Hansen
American Fork Fifth	66	60	91	Stella Nelson
American Fork Sixth	60	49	82	Leila Abel
American Fork Seventh	75	77	103	Marie Reimschiissel
Highland	46	55	120	Ruby Day
American Falls Stake				
American Falls	46	42	91	Clara Wagstaff
Rockland	80	83	104	Zina Eliason
Springfield	28	22	79	Lois Lloyd
Sterling	30	26	87	Annie Nelson
Bannock Stake	**346**	**346**	**100**	**Ida J. Sorenson**
Bench	23	21	91	Rose Hansen
Ogden Twenty-first	80	61	76	Doris C. Richards
Ogden Twenty-ninth	65	50	77	Edith Andersen
Benson Stake				
Lewiston Third	64	48	75	Anna W. Mills
Berkeley Stake	**639**	**489**	**77**	**Emma J. Hinckley**
Berkeley Second	60	51	85	Mary Langman
Claremont	56	45	80	Mabel Smith
East Richmond	57	66	116	Elverda Ann Coats
Napa	41	41	100	Jessie Stubbs
Pittsburg	57	48	84	Margaret Davis
Richmond	45	47	104	Mary Bledsoe
Walnut Creek	30	38	127	Vera White
Big Cottonwood Stake	**702**	**617**	**88**	**Ethel A. Smith**
Big Cottonwood	50	50	100	Nellie B. Stevenson
Cottonwood	65	68	105	Frances C. Remund
Mt. Olympus	107	99	93	Mary L. Timmerman
Olympus South	80	64	80	Bertha W. Wright
South Cottonwood	86	73	85	Elsa O. Fors
Valley View	84	100	119	Martha W. Paulsen
Winder	74	64	86	Phoebe M. W. Stewart
Big Horn Stake	**776**	**589**	**76**	**Elma S. Johnson**
Basin	35	37	106	Mrs. Scott Smith
Burlington	59	49	83	Virgie Allen
Byron	63	60	95	Sally Griffin
Cody	29	31	107	Mary Way
Cowley	116	90	78	Hope Eyre

Central	24	21	88	June Welch
Cleveland	21	23	110	Mary B. Anderson
Grace	68	74	109	Ethel Sant
Grace Second	65	72	111	Ada Williams
Lago	35	28	80	Reba Turner
Mound Valley	31	28	90	Afton Farman
Thatcher	49	53	108	Earline Smith
Williams	30	26	87	Merl Kingsford
Bear Lake Stake	**518**	**423**	**82**	**Millie Sprouse**
Bloomington	56	43	77	Bertha C. Thornock
Fish Haven	31	31	100	Carol K. Howell
Garden City	50	39	78	Ruth P. Hansen
Laketown	43	38	88	Emma W. Cheney
Ovid	35	35	100	Hazel L. Peterson
Paris First	64	55	86	Rosa Grandy
Paris Second	83	63	76	Gertrude R. Price
St. Charles	74	57	77	Wanda S. Rich
Sharon	17	19	112	Ida Prescott
Bear River Stake	**519**	**428**	**82**	**Rennis A. Larkin**
East Garland	30	26	87	Pearl Sorenson
Garland First	65	68	105	Celine Johnson
Howell	30	33	110	Virginia Kotter
Park Valley	35	33	94	Letitia Palmer
Snowville	34	43	126	Cora Daley
Stone	22	25	114	Lenore Mills
Beaver Stake				
Beaver Third	104	78	75	Kate Bowman
Ben Lomond Stake	**652**	**509**	**78**	**Maude P. Close**
Lorin Farr	73	81	111	Martha A. Alberts
North Ogden First	72	74	103	Edith V. Judkins
Ogden Seventh	67	56	84	Lenora Poorte
Penrose	10	8	80	Tilda C. Wasden
Red Lodge	13	14	108	Agusta Crow
Worland	28	31	111	Daisy Nissen
Iona Branch	17	14	82	Maggie Beal
Blackfoot Stake	**885**	**793**	**90**	**Zila Clegg**
Blackfoot First	104	94	90	Ardella Wooton
Blackfoot Second	102	81	79	Floretta McCurdy
Blackfoot Third	98	98	100	Vera Orem
Blackfoot Fourth	107	113	106	Afton Johnston
Groveland	75	75	100	Sarah Chapman
Moreland	88	76	86	Gladys Belnap
Pingree	36	40	111	Sarah E. Cammack
Riverside	55	54	98	Tacy Winmill
Riverton	24	19	79	Carrie Brown
Rose	38	32	84	Emmeline Chaffin
Thomas	109	90	83	Gertrude Williams
Blaine Stake				
Carey	64	50	78	Verna Cameron
Fairfield	36	35	97	Blanche Naser
Richfield	40	35	88	Muriel Flavel
Shoshone	17	13	76	Iva Lou Pingree
Boise Stake	**555**	**478**	**86**	**L. Emma Cordon**
Boise First	76	72	95	Utahna S. Randall
Boise Second	57	44	77	Helen Purvis
Boise Third	93	87	94	Leah W. Harker
Boise Fourth	81	70	86	Viva Fairbanks
Boise Fifth	45	40	89	Mrs. Stanley Richardson
Glenns Ferry	34	37	109	Leola Thurman
Meridian	81	72	89	Mable Roylance
Eagle Branch	20	21	105	Edith Blackmer
Mt. Home Branch	14	15	107	Estella Hall

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Bonneville Stake	**849**	**722**	**85**	**Jessie H. Jackson**
Bonneville	96	85	89	Aurelia Lund
Garden Park	104	103	99	Bertha Irvine
Monument Park	105	81	77	Alice T. Wood
Thirty-third	125	133	106	Harriet Worthington
Yale	188	154	82	Millie Barnes
Yalecrest	110	83	75	Olive Martin
Burley Stake	**601**	**616**	**102**	**Jane R. Robinson**
Burley First	37	45	122	Norma Curtis
Burley Second	74	76	103	Ella Boatman
Burley Fourth	72	81	113	Mary Martin
Burley Fifth	45	55	122	Zelma Whittle
Declo	78	78	100	Hattie Richins
Pella	33	39	118	Ellen C. Mitchell
Springdale	44	48	109	Gladys M. Johnson
Star	29	31	107	Gertrude Durfee
Unity	61	63	103	Mary Lou Funk
View	55	49	89	Thelma Taylor
Cache Stake	**547**	**459**	**84**	**Orilla J. Lucas**
Logan Third	76	59	78	Louise R. Rich
Logan Fourth	114	96	84	Jessie Bouwhuis
Logan Ninth	98	85	87	Beda Crafts
Logan Fifteenth	78	62	79	Blanch Rogers
Logan Sixteenth	98	88	90	Genevieve B. Bradley
Logan Seventeenth	83	69	83	Effie W. Darley
Carbon Stake				
Hiawatha	64	60	94	Sadie Frandsen
Dragerton Branch	41	34	83	Evona Justensen
Cassia Stake	**202**	**205**	**101**	**Jane R. Hale**
Basin	16	19	119	Dona Martin
Cheyenne	58	50	86	Vida Birge
Crestmore	49	43	88	Ida H. Clark
Denver Second	39	32	82	Lilly B. Williams
Englewood	53	45	85	Ilah K. Smith
Laramie	48	49	102	Rose Eads
Pueblo	34	44	129	Ada P. Stewart
Deseret Stake				
Delta First	88	75	85	Ruth J. Jensen
Hinckley	98	78	80	Rosa B. Dutson
Lynndyl	39	33	85	Alpha Nielson
Oasis	34	26	76	Erma Skeem
Abraham Branch	8	6	75	Emily Young
Callao Branch	6	6	100	Inez Tripp
Duchesne Stake				
Arcadia	33	31	94	Ora N. Holgate
East Cache Stake				
Logan Fifth	80	82	103	Abby G. Jensen
Logan Eighteenth	78	68	87	Violet Hall (deceased)
North Logan	65	58	89	Lenore B. Larsen
East Jordan Stake				
East Midvale Second	53	41	77	Ida Leafquist
Garden View	80	67	84	Hazel Anderson
East Mill Creek Stake				
Grandview	105	112	107	Sarah Pearson
East Provo Stake	**393**	**304**	**77**	**Sarah H. Passey**
Provo Eighth	85	74	87	Lou Cox
Provo Ninth	47	61	130	Norma B. Nelson
Provo Thirteenth	64	57	89	Ruby W. Hawkins

Marion	27	29	107	Sarah Adams
Oakley First	50	57	114	Ada L. Hale
Oakley Second	47	54	115	Jane R. Hale
Oakley Third	30	32	107	Irene Sutton
Cedar Stake				
College	83	62	75	Florence Higbee
New Castle	20	16	80	Iva Harrison
Chicago Stake	**370**	**323**	**87**	**Avera C. Homer**
Milwaukee	58	68	117	Vivienne Hart
North Shore	52	44	85	Clara Force
University	74	60	81	Fardonna White
Aurora Branch	11	11	100	Eleanor Woolcott
Batavia Branch	6	5	83	Margaret Bjorklund
Milwaukee So. Branch	11	16	145	Hulda Moeller
South Shore Branch	17	20	118	Amy Landeck
West Suburban Br.	31	31	100	Luella Logan
Cottonwood Stake	**750**	**614**	**82**	**Viola L. Strange**
Grant	85	67	79	Blanche Bradford
Mill Creek Second	67	59	126	Ada Toone
Murray First	109	84	77	Mildred Bailey
Murray Second	51	42	82	Florence Peterson
Murray Third	141	110	78	Irene Robinson
Murray Fourth	41	54	132	Martha Margetts
Murray Fifth	41	38	93	Jean Erickson
Valley Center	112	86	77	Myrtle Vincent
Davis Stake	**502**	**376**	**75**	**Ivy P. Tingey**
Centerville Second	35	35	100	La Von Duncan
Kaysville First	81	66	81	Emily Barns
Kaysville Second	117	117	100	Pauline Waterfull
Denver Stake	**419**	**347**	**83**	**Ilah K. Smith**
Barnum	40	30	75	Opal Jones
East Rigby Stake	**523**	**407**	**78**	Dale Burtenshaw
Garfield	32	36	113	Anna S. Christensen
Lorenzo	28	22	79	Deon Anderson
Milo	52	41	79	Ellen Johnson
Rigby Second	54	45	83	Dortha Radford
Ririe First	57	60	105	Esthea Scott
Ririe Second	61	60	98	Alice Grover
East Riverside Stake				
Twenty-eighth	116	125	108	Eleanor A. Smith
Emery Stake				
Castle Dale	96	76	79	Bertrude Winters
Clawson	14	12	86	Jane Larsen
Huntington First	70	60	86	Anna B. Nielson
Emigration Stake	**874**	**878**	**100**	**Ethel L. Goates**
East Twenty-seventh	69	88	128	Viola L. Walton
Eleventh	73	73	100	Emeline Jacobs
North Twenty-first	81	76	94	Vera H. Burrell
Thirteenth	106	140½	133	Alma Erickson
Twelfth	106	125½	118	Gertrude Russell
Twenty-first	97	85	88	Sallie S. Keate
Twenty-seventh	66	68	103	Florence E. Murphy
West Eleventh	78	100	128	Annie DeLang
Ensign Stake	**851**	**754**	**89**	**Charlotte W. Spencer**
North Eighteenth	168	178	106	Ruby A. Walter
North Twentieth	123	124	101	Cleo Parrott
South Eighteenth	207	157	76	Beth Schick
South Twentieth	122	122	100	Agnes Johnson
West Ensign	138	109	79	Ethel Young
Farr West Stake	**503**	**469**	**93**	**Maude Larson**
Farr West	68	66	97	Cora A. Petersen

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Harrisville	65	75	115	Alice E. Hellewell
Lomond View	48	42	88	Laura J. Olsen
Marriott	40	40	100	Charlotte S. Blair
Mound Fort	78	84	108	Phyllis Hufstetler
Ogden Fifteenth	55	43	78	Estel Whitney
Slaterville	32	35	109	Amelia Holley
Florida Stake	**362**	**361**	**100**	**Maude G. Hawkins**
Axson	34	33	97	Margritte Mizell
Jacksonville	94	95	101	Carene Bethea
Lake City	25	23	92	Ora Lee Milton
Palatka	38	40	105	Hilda Anderson
Springfield	60	65	108	Camillus McRae
Waycross	23	21	91	Arzell Jardon
Wesconnett	22	22	100	Elizabeth Jammes
Gainesville Branch	12	15	125	Doris D. McCall
Sanderson Branch	17	17	100	Mattie D. Stringer
Starke Branch	20	20	100	
Franklin Stake				
Fairview	69	60	87	Bertha M. Cole
Mapleton	28	24	86	Cora Knapp
Preston Second	78	66	85	Chloe C. Peterson
Preston Fifth	35	32	91	Venus W. Skinner
Weston	106	82	77	Eliza Binggeli
Whitney	61	48	79	Madge H. Ransbottom
Garfield Stake				
Kingston	21	23	110	Gail B. Coates
Granite Stake	**673**	**654**	**97**	**Elizabeth W. McLelland**
Columbus	75	77	103	Maude M. Sevy
Fairmont	75	80	107	Ruth M. Durbin
Mountain View	57	48	84	Ella J. Keddington
Monte Vista	75	59	79	Isabell Nelson
South Edgehill	98	88	90	May Johnson
Wasatch	137	106	77	Doris Hiller
Humboldt Stake	**136**	**121**	**89**	**Charlotte S. Ferguson**
Carlin	21	17	81	Charlotte S. Ferguson
Elko	30	23	77	Genevieve Bell
Wells	45	47	104	Margaret E. Dahl
Winnemucca	19	20	105	Mary Cowan
Rowland Branch	4	4	100	Gladys Bake
Hyrum Stake				
Hyrum Second	69	52	75	Mrs. J. Lowell Anderson
Idaho Stake				
Bancroft	88	67	76	Ethel H. Call
Hatch	9	10	111	Elizabeth Holbrook
Kelly-Toponce	33	31	94	Margaret Hebdon
Lund	20	18	90	Edna Darlington
Idaho Falls Stake	**473**	**493**	**104**	**Clemey Young**
Idaho Falls Second	150	150	100	Lydia M. Clark
Idaho Falls Fifth	78	88	113	Estella Salsburg
Idaho Falls Ninth	71	77	108	Laura Walker
Iona	109	113	104	Amanda Pearce
Lincoln	65	65	100	Dessie Walters
Inglewood Stake	**774**	**761**	**98**	**Vera W. Larsen**
Brentwood	83	140	169	Frances D. Kolarik
Centinella	75	61	81	Afton Broberg

Forest Dale	150	127½	85	Clara Russen
Lincoln	132	132½	100	Catherine M. Wiseman
Nibley Park	124	129	104	Emma Armstrong
Wells	117	108	92	Johanna Hedges
Grant Stake	**460**	**420**	**91**	**Allen F. Keller**
Hillcrest	92	94	102	Lillian F. Price
Lorraine	86	86	100	Helen Flowers
Smith	82	83	101	Rubelle B. Francis
Springview	105	82	78	Louisa A. Francom
Wandamere	95	75	79	Iva Dell Holmberg
Grantsvillle Stake				
Wendover	51	51	100	Carol S. Duke
Gridley Stake				
Chico	46	35	76	Dorothy Robb
Grass Valley	26	20	77	Nora Medlyn
Oroville	26	26	100	Violet Gray
Paradise	19	17	89	Pearl F. Smith
Yuba City	76	63	83	Mabel Hayter
Gunnison Stake				
Gunnison First	69	59	86	Alvina Pierce
Highland Stake	**627**	**629½**	**100**	**Mrs. M. O. Ashton**
Highland Park	138	122	88	Birdie E. Vincent
Imperial	74	80	108	Marvel Young
Park Avenue	107	107	100	Adlin Andrus
Parleys	72	82½	115	Erma W. Bernston
Roslyn Heights	78	78	100	Mildred Hicken
Stratford	158	160	101	Alda Anderson
Hillside Stake	**762**	**592**	**78**	**Erma B. Williams**
Beacon	56	49	88	Ethel Flynn
Edgehill	143	131	92	Edith Maughan
La Cienega	86	86	100	Eva Quigley
Lennox	55	71	129	Josephine Bullock
Mar Vista	100	108	108	Sylvia Peterson
Redondo	51	54	106	Rose Dobson
Santa Monica	125	110	88	Edna C. Knudson
Torrance	50	38	76	Hortense B. Smith
Juab Stake				
Nephi Third	107	87	81	Eva McPherson
Juarez Stake	**144**	**109**	**76**	**Anna F. Turley**
Dublan	37	37	100	Melvina Jones
Juarez	57	66	116	Maud J. Whetten
Kanab Stake				
Glendale	41	34	83	Sarah E. Black
Moccasin	13	14	108	Margaret Heaton
Mt. Carmel	19	15	79	Berneeta A. Tait
Orderville	74	61	82	Hester P. Heaton
Kolob Stake	**701**	**662**	**94**	**Mary W. Clegg**
Mapleton	86	86	100	Ardilla Perry
Springville First	81	138	170	Addie Underwood
Springville Second	67	57	85	Eudora Jensen
Springville Third	74	58	78	Ellen Giles
Springville Fourth	74	60	81	Rose Roylance
Springville Fifth	80	66	83	Belle Childs
Springville Seventh	53	57	108	Effie Philips
Springville Eighth	65	52	80	Alice Wilmott
Springville Ninth	59	58	98	Ellen Larson
Lake View Stake				
Hooper First	78	61	78	Florence Naisbitt
Hooper Second	78	66	85	Lola Jones
Kanesville	36	27	75	Blanche M. Child
Riverdale	69	69	100	Pearl Champneys

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Lehi Stake				
Lehi First	110	100	91	Hazel May Bone
Lehi Fourth	82	67	82	Marvel Peterson
Lehi Fifth	102	79	77	Ruby Meredith
Lethbridge Stake	**637**	**478**	**75**	**Emily Anderson**
Calgary First	46	38	83	Helen Faulkner
Claresholm	37	28	76	Luella Rice
Lethbridge First	58	54	93	Mabel Pizzey
Lethbridge Second	65	49	75	Dixie Pratt
Orton	20	18	90	Lavon Orr
Picture Butte	43	33	77	Edna West
Stavely	12	10	83	Ida L. Rodgers
Taber Second	51	57	112	Lucille Valgardson
Brooks Branch	18	15	83	Deleen Eveson
Champion Branch	12	17	142	Carolyne Davies
Liberty Stake	**676**	**668**	**99**	**Lila B. Pressler**
Eighth	130	151	116	Emma Liebelt
Harvard	140	105	75	Mrs. A. M. Perry
Liberty	110	144	131	Alice Russell
Ninth	75	56	75	Myrtle Robison
North Second	74	74	100	Amelia Marsh
South Second	60	51	85	Amy Zentner
Third	87	87	100	Rena Boyle
Logan Stake				
College	53	44	83	Nettie S. Abrams
Logan Fourteenth	84	65	77	Vernetta Earl
Young	31	25	81	Selma Jensen
Long Beach Stake	**1010**	**1019**	**101**	**Ethel Spongberg**
Bellflower	87	115	132	Susie Elsmore
Compton	68	77	113	Marie Visser
Maricopa Stake	**556**	**424**	**76**	**Lola O. Turley**
Mesa First	119	100	84	Amy P. Morris
Mesa Fourth	88	69	78	Millie H. Henkel
Mesa Sixth	97	84	87	Ida S. Verney
Mesa Eighth	66	62	94	Aurelia Kelly
Pine	20	19	95	Celeste Patterson
Tempe	66	51	77	Anne Whitney
Mesa Stake				
Mesa Second	114	90	79	Helene Wagley
Queen Creek	16	16	100	May Bell Pew
Casa Grande Branch	9	7	78	Mrs. Clayton Herbert
Hayden Branch	20	23	115	Etta Phelan
Superior Branch	21	19	90	Leona Robertson
Millard Stake				
Fillmore First	80	80	100	Rachel B. Warner
Fillmore Second	76	62	82	Ireta Bartholomew
Flowell	34	34	100	Mrs. Verl Christensen
Holden	100	78	78	Mrs. Cecil K. Mills
Minidoka Stake	**475**	**393**	**83**	**Clarinda Green**
Emerson	26	30	115	Louie Mae Mecham
Hazelton	40	60	150	Delilah J. Weckham
Hunt	6	7	117	Phoebe Parson
Paul	50	68	136	Zelma Bauer
Rupert First	43	46	107	Maybelle Stevenson
Rupert Second	89	73	82	Emma Garrett
Moapa Stake	**653**	**644**	**99**	**Eunice B. Johnson**
Boulder City	85	66	78	Greta Rosenbaum
Bunkerville	32	29	91	Vera Waite

Compton Center	68	69	101	Rebecca Bate
Fullerton	66	70	106	Erthel Thatcher
Long Beach	142	124	87	Lucy Parkin
North Long Beach	65	71	109	Ellen Bramley
Park View	150	153	102	Thelma Taylor
San Pedro	59	50	85	Elsa Pakulla
Santa Ana	68	57	84	Fannie Y. Lundquist
Virginia	83	86	104	Estella Herrick
Garden Grove Branch	21	21	100	Goldie E. Sadler
Huntington Beach Br.	25	25	100	Almira Woodhouse
Lynwood Branch	24	41	171	Louise Harris
Los Angeles Stake				
Arlington	96	91	95	Clara May Parry
Hollywood	119	104	87	Charlotte O'Connor
La Brea	51	47	92	Phyllis Brewerton
Lost River Stake				
Leslie	32	28	88	Ruth T. Olsen
Moore	38	30	79	Lillen Bingham
Leadore Branch	15	13	87	Marion Fletcher
Lyman Stake				
Green River	58	49	84	Dorothy Daniels
Rock Springs First	51	42	82	Elizabeth Bateman
Superior	32	27	84	Martha Rock
Malad Stake	**564**	**477¼**	**85**	**Mary B. Bush**
Holbrook	16	18	113	Evelyn C. Nalder
Malad First	98	82¾	84	Pearl W. Thomas
Malad Second	99	104	105	Beth B. Facer
Malad Third	109	91	83	Catherine E. Thomas
Pleasant View	34	29	85	Beth C. Davis
Portage	57	46½	82	Twila Howell
St. John	52	52	100	Anna Lyle Jones
Charleston	78	88	113	Grace McNatt
Davis Dam	16	20	125	Mae Richard
Henderson	16	25	156	Vera H. Mainer
Kingman	23	23	100	Leona Peterson
Las Vegas First	98	103	105	Una McDonald
Las Vegas Second	110	120	109	Carrie S. Beatty
Littlefield	14	14	100	Vinda Reber
Logandale	52	51	98	Betty Adams
Mesquite	66	66	100	Nelda Houston
Montpelier Stake				
Bern	25	20	80	Myrtle Stecklar
Geneva	32	24	75	Mrs. Doyle Steight
Montpelier Second	103	93	90	Larena Pugmire
Nounan	19	16	84	Mary Minnig
Raymond	15	15	100	Eleaner Saxton
Wardboro	25	25	100	Genieve Kunz
Morgan Stake				
Croydon	13	14	108	Faye London
North Morgan	63	55	87	Julia Carrigan
Mount Graham Stake	**661**	**519**	**79**	**Millie Kelly**
Duncan	51	51	100	Hallie Dees
Lordsburg	24	26	108	Grace Richins
Safford	128	113	88	Itha Booth
Solomonville	27	21	78	June Curtis
Virden	52	44	85	Emma J. Lines
Animas Branch	5	6	120	Zylpha Gale
Las Cruces Branch	7	7	100	Mildred Hayner
Mt. Jordan Stake				
Crescent	46	36	78	Ellen Mickelsen
Draper First	101	87	86	Myrtle Webb
Mount Logan Stake				
Logan Eleventh	95	72	76	Sabra Owen

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River Heights	54	47	87	Rose Hansen
Mount Ogden Stake				
Highland	83	77	93	Hattie Andreason
Ogden Twenty-third	65	57	88	Edith Larson
Ogden Thirty-third	120	93	87	Hannah B. Allred
Nampa Stake	**487**	**465**	**95**	**Sarah E. Squires**
Homedale	60	60	100	Lorena Davenport
Melba	32	31	97	Rita Bradshaw
Nampa First	56	53	95	Blanche T. Woolard
Nampa Second	78	79	101	Mrs. Alvin Hunter
Nampa Third	50	59	118	Vilate Adams
Nampa Fourth	55	72	131	Hanna Castagneto
Marsing Branch	34	34	100	Anelda Reece
Star Branch	11	11	100	Emily Kent
Nebo Stake				
Park	80	61	76	Ethel T. Hiatt
Payson West	59	59	100	Laural Loveless
Nevada Stake				
Ely	105	82	78	Susan A. Mulliner
Ruth	31	30	97	Maud Mifflin
New York Stake				
Queens	52	39	75	Mrs. O. C. Mueller
No. Box Elder Stake	**576**	**526**	**91**	**Christina N. Bott**
Bear River	74	81	109	Seretta Johnson
Brigham Third	76	78	103	Fern Channell
Brigham Fourth	95	80	84	Geneva F. Wright
Brigham Seventh	64	65	102	LaVina S. Hansen
Brigham Eighth	100	78	78	Dorothy Willie
Salem	69	69	100	Verla Price
Sugar	157	125	80	Mary Thomson
North Sanpete Stake				
Milburn	13	13	100	Fannie M. Graham
Mt. Pleasant North	128	110	86	Gladys Peterson
Mt. Pleasant South	106	90	85	Lucille R. Seely
Mountainville	13	12	92	Vera Skelley
North Weber Stake				
Taylor	64	51	80	Lorene Farr
Oahu Stake				
Nanakuli Branch	13	11	85	
Oakland Stake				
Alameda	50	51	102	La Vina McRae
Dimond	112	93	83	Gladys Thomas
Elmhurst	72	75	104	Irene Dutson
Maxwell Park	70	61	87	Veda Mann
Ogden Stake	**747**	**702**	**94**	**Chloe F. Summerill**
Huntsville	68	61	90	Edris Knapp
Liberty	23	19	83	Mary R. Ward
Ogden Fourth	121	123	102	Viola Perkins
Ogden Sixth	78	69	88	Effie Auffhammer
Ogden Thirteenth	105	111	106	Arva Livingston
Ogden Twentieth	96	126	131	Nana Christiansten
Ogden Thirtieth	73	73	100	Beth Poorte
Oneida Stake	**651**	**556½**	**85**	**Kenna Bergeson**
Banida	21	18	86	Mrs. Demont Bell
Glenco	24	20	83	Mrs. Delmar Olsen
Glendale	14	15	107	Eulalia W. Larsen
Oxford	27	21	78	Elsia Olson

Corinne	85	73	86	Rose B. Nelson
Harper	25	20	80	Edith Baty
Honeyville	57	51	89	Sylvia Hunsaker
North Carbon Stake				
Helper	85	64	75	Estella Gale
Storrs	22	19	86	Sophia Torgersen
North Davis Stake				
Clearfield First	98	106	108	Susan Argyle
Clearfield Second	63	47	75	Mary Banz
Layton Fourth	88	70	80	Bessie H. Layton
Syracuse	112	91	81	Alice Anderson
Sahara Village Branch	20	25	125	Leora Yardley
North Idaho Falls	**569**	**582**	**102**	**Lucille Johnson**
Coltman	50	55	110	Marion Judd
Idaho Falls First	91	101	111	Leona Merrell
Idaho Falls Fourth	96	107	111	Anna Christofferson
Idaho Falls Seventh	167	145	87	Emma Jensen
Osgood	59	65	110	Lucile Sorensen
Ucon	106	109	103	Elna Andrus
North Jordan Stake	**519**	**476**	**92**	**Mable G. Morgan**
Granger First	124	124	100	Rosalma Van Buskirk
Granger Second	100	100	100	Marjorie H. Coats
Hunter	100	76	76	Alta Witbeck
Redwood	52	53	102	Louisa Skog
Taylorsville	73	73	100	Loretta Foote
North Rexburg Stake	**631**	**548½**	**87**	**Lucy Furness**
Hibbard	68	74	109	Belva Withers
Newdale	35	37	106	Zola Allen
Plano	50	54½	109	Arvilla Parkinson
Rexburg First	143	111	78	Eva Summers
Preston Third	68	68	100	Amy S. Kern
Preston Fourth	91	91	100	Lizzie Weaver
Preston Seventh	94	94½	100	Jennet Swainston
Treasureton	24	19	79	Vera Atkinson
Winder	37	31	84	Leona P. Winger
Oquirrh Stake	**388**	**390**	**101**	**Ione C. Fuller**
Hercules	16	17	106	Hazel Bertoch
Magna	114	114	100	Izella Jeppson
Pleasant Green	113	126	112	Myrtle D. Russon
Spencer	57	82	114	Florence Reid
Orem Stake				
Geneva	66	50	76	Martha Pyne
Orem First	34	32	94	Eliza B. Anderson
Sharon	50	50	100	Golda Mangum
Palmyra Stake				
Lake Shore	95	76	80	Bernice Rigtrup
Palmyra	39	35	90	Lois Nash
Salem	92	93	101	Lavina Thompson
Spanish Fork First	84	64	76	Hortense Argyle
Spanish Fork Third	120	123	103	Hazel J. Christiansen
Birdseye Branch	16	14	88	Rachel Spencer
Palo Alto Stake	**337**	**327**	**97**	**Sarah Avery**
Burlingame	31	37	119	Iris Pickering
Naglee Park	30	33	110	Eliza Horsfield
Palo Alto	92	71	77	Iva Minard
Redwood City	58	64	110	Aileen Weaver
San Jose	40	44	110	Maud West
San Mateo	50	41	82	Helen Bredding
Willow Glen	36	37	103	Rasmine Jensen
Panguitch Stake				
Hatch	43	36	84	Effie J. Deuel

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Panguitch North	90	95	106	Thelma Orton
Park Stake	**767**	**637**	**83**	**Hattie S. Hanigan**
Duncan	66	50	76	Annie Buie
Emigration	68	57	84	Lillian Schricker
First	94	95	101	Clara Dittman
Le Grand	137	116	85	Edna Davis
Tenth	65	66	102	Lamecia Pierce
Thirty-first	108	109	101	Sarah Harmon
Parowan Stake	**350**	**276**	**79**	**Betty M. Sorenson**
Enoch	35	35	100	Cora B. Murie
Parowan East	84	68	81	Cora M. Rowley
Parowan West	126	95	75	Pearl Benson
Summit	25	24	96	Lucy Green
Pasadena Stake	**945**	**928**	**98**	**Selma L. Child**
Alhambra	122	122	100	Ruth Harper
Baldwin Park	67	57	85	Lilly A. Wilcox
Belvedere	84	87	104	Katie E. Scott
Eastmont	87	89	102	Caroline Miller
El Monte	83	64	77	Louise Mariger
El Sereno	36	46	128	Selma Child
Los Flores	55	45	82	Seretta Sorenson
Mission Park	61	63	103	Kay Ritchie
Monrovia	71	72	101	Gladys Eccles
Montebello	84	85	101	Nell Maiben
Pasadena	97	94	97	Mabrye E. Phillips
Rosemead	44	46	105	Gwen Boyd
Whittier	54	58	107	Blanche Vaughn
Phoenix Stake	**594**	**672**	**113**	**Zola Stapley**
Capitol	92	99	108	Rowena Britzing
Glendale	59	68	115	Julia S. Kremer
Phoenix First	94	95	101	Claradell S. Dewitt

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Raft River Stake				
Malta	56	51	91	Alice O. Neddo
Moulton	12	11	92	Julia H. Clark
Sublett	10	10	100	Sylvia Olsen
Yost	15	15	100	Viola Tracy
Reno Stake	**376**	**303**	**81**	**Theresa Larson**
Reno	33	44	127	Helen Todd
Sparks	95	110	116	Bertha J. Purdy
Westwood	28	29	104	Mary A. Young
Carson City Branch	9	9	100	Virginia Morris
Rexburg Stake	**583**	**694**	**119**	**Daphne Nef**
Archer	78	107	137	Norah Grover
Burton	54	66	122	Zina Clark
Independence	39	45	115	Margaret Barber
Lyman	62	73	118	Jessie Moulton
Rexburg Second	133	173	131	Maud Taylor
Rexburg Third	69	72	104	Wanda Hunziker
Rexburg Fourth	148	158	107	Eva Rudd
Rigby Stake	**665**	**678**	**102**	**Sara Simmons**
Annis	61	52	85	Jeannette Browning
Grant	55	45	82	Rachel Taylor
Hamer	26	28	108	Sarah McClure
Lewisville	109	109	100	Melba B. Kinghorn
Menan First	62	71	115	Emily Hart
Menan Second	74	74	100	Erma Gunderson
Rigby First	87	89	102	Vilate Call
Rigby Fourth	69	69	100	Ann W. Nielsen
Roberts	66	66	100	Ruth Marriott
Terreton	43	50	116	Maurine Peterson
Beaver Creek Branch	13	25	192	Alta Fern Doschades

Phoenix Second	88	99	113	Phoebe Thomson
Phoenix Third	78	102	131	Rintha Naylor
Phoenix Fourth	44	47	107	Mary E. Harrison
Phoenix Fifth	66	88	133	Eulla Davis
Phoenix Sixth	24	25	104	Ruby D. Biggs
Scottsdale	33	34	103	Ruby L. Cooper
Buckeye Branch	16	15	94	Stella M. Greene
Pioneer Stake				
Edison	79	68	86	Ida H. Deters
Glendale Park	35	35	100	Dena Lund
Jordan Park	78	87	112	Mary Jacobs
Thirty-second	85	68	80	Edith Murray
Pocatello Stake				
Pocatello Eighth	71	75	106	Gwen Davis
Pocatello Twelfth	68	52	76	Emma Thompson
Pocatello Thirteenth	124	116	94	Mae Howells
Pocatello Fourteenth	62	75	121	Cora Hartirgsen
Portland Stake				
Colonial Heights	135	105	78	Delores Zobell
Portneuf Stake	**451**	**357**	**79**	**Ada L. Parris**
Garden Creek	28	29	104	Lucile Capell
Marsh Center	20	17	85	Gertrude Parris
McCammon	71	72	101	Wynona Glass
Swan Lake	30	37	123	Marie Henderson
Virginia	35	29	83	Marian Shappart
Merrill Branch	9	8	89	LaVene Pilgrim
Provo Stake	**438**	**529**	**121**	**Flora Buggart**
Manavu	98	225	230	Flora Buggart
Provo First	108	93	86	Hansinia H. Burr
Provo Fifth	80	80	100	Fanny S. Whimpey
Provo Seventh	90	82	91	Mary Josie
Provo Tenth	62	49	79	Eva Thorsen
Riverside Stake				
Riverside	63	68	108	Hillair Daniels
Twenty-ninth	106	85	80	Elsa B. Conde
Roosevelt Stake				
Ballard	42	35	83	Emma S. Clark
Roosevelt Second	82	98	120	Eliza Gilbert
Sacramento Stake	**515**	**429**	**83**	**Susie J. Beutler**
Homestead	95	101	106	Augusta Hillman
Roseville	76	70	92	Nida B. Morey
Sacramento	104	82	79	Margherita Singleton
Sutter	71	66	93	La Verna B. Lewis
Woodland	31	28	90	Vendla Gorden
St. George Stake	**667**	**519**	**78**	**Agnes Pickett**
Central	14	13	93	LaRue Cannon
Gunlock	18	19	106	Maybell Hunt
Ivins	13	13	100	Martha Hafen
Mt. Trumbull	7	6	86	Rebecca H. Bundy
Pine Valley	12	9	75	Maude Gardner
St. George Second	75	57	76	Mamie May
St. George Fourth	55	78	142	Eunice Blazzard
St. George Fifth	67	55	82	Elma M. Miles
St. George Sixth	75	67	89	Emma G. Abbott
Veyo	12	12	100	Mildred Bowler
St. Johns Stake				
Alpine	19	20	105	Jessie Jepson
Eagar	114	86	75	Agness M. Lund
Luna	23	24	104	Clara B. Laney
Nutrioso	11	15	136	Marva F. Maxwell
St. Joseph Stake	**539**	**476**	**88**	**Rula Colvin**
Bryce	19	19	100	Nellie Dixon
Central	56	56	100	Winnie Smith

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Eden	26	21	81	Viola Colvin
Fort Thomas	40	33	83	Ellen Hastings
Globe	55	41	75	Hilda M. Sanders
Miami	54	45	83	Ella Sims
Pima	121	127	105	Zela McBride
Thatcher	168	134	80	Sarah Hales
Salt Lake Stake	**886**	**808**	**91**	**Rebecca P. Bean**
Capitol Hill	98	79	81	Melba Barnes
Nineteenth	86	69	80	Klea Gray
North Seventeenth	149	159	107	Mary Pack
Seventeenth	209	160	77	Katherine R. Hainline
Twenty-second	98	100	102	Alma Laxman
Twenty-third	37	105	284	Nellie A. Harter
San Bernardino Stake	**492**	**498**	**101**	**Hollie Jolley Breech**
Arlington	35	31	89	Rebecca Smith
Colton	36	50	139	Cora S. Anderson
Fontana	28	28	100	Alice S. Walker
Ontario	52	53	102	Lois Holbrook
Pomona	72	72	100	Lois S. Higgins
Redlands	25	27	108	Gladys Smith
Riverside	75	75	100	Muriel E. Smith
San Bernardino First	62	64	103	Laura Lee Hilliker
San Bernardino Second	62	62	100	Betty E. Trent
Yucaipa Branch	16	18	113	Sible Reagan
San Diego Stake	**475**	**410**	**86**	**Ava S. Jones**
Fairmont	69	60	87	Ruth V. B. Rigby
Hillcrest	64	67	105	Sarah C. Bodily
La Mesa	48	60	125	Della Campbell
North Park	65	56	86	Josephine Gallacher
Ocean Beach	63	66	105	Vea R. Beighle
San Luis Stake				
Alamosa	57	50	88	Opal McDaniel
Morgan Branch	28	25	89	Grace Price
Santaquin-Tintic Stake				
Elberta Branch	16	13	81	Harriet E. Barney
Seattle Stake				
Bellingham	34	34	100	Ella M. Petrie
Olympia	32	25	78	Mary Canning
Queen Anne	62	56	90	Emily Heath
South Seattle	23	24	104	Charlotte Myler
West Seattle	57	46	81	Hazel Doble
Port Orchard Branch	20	15	75	Myra Ennis
Shelton Branch	14	16	114	Lottie Young
White Center Branch	11	10	91	Ercell Fullmer
Sevier Stake	**700**	**599**	**86**	**Beth C. Anderson**
Richfield First	118	93	79	Myrtle Brown
Richfield Second	113	116	103	Jane Y. Pollett
Richfield Third	120	102	85	Laura O. Wilson
Richfield Fourth	116	104½	90	Naomi P. Foisy
Sigurd	37	43	116	Emily M. Nebeker
Venice	50	50½	101	Wilda O. Brienholt
Greenwich Branch	13	12	92	Mary Bagley
Sharon Stake	**382**	**334**	**87**	**Mabel M. Williamson**
Edgemont	60	60	100	Florence G. Dalton
Hill Crest	71	62	87	Marjorie Mott
Oak Hills	40	51	128	Madge McKell
Pleasant View	41	68	166	Ruth C. Meldrum
Shelley Stake	**580**	**643**	**111**	**Eva L. Clinger, Pres.**

Valencia Park	55	41	75	Emma Berry
San Fernando Stake	**1001**	**1045**	**104**	**Elsie Weber**
Burbank	68	73	107	Jane Reynalds
Elysian Park	73	76	104	Frances Kelland
Garvanza	126	126	100	Elizabeth Burnett
Glendale East	131	131	100	Elizabeth Brower
Glendale West	115	115	100	Ruth B. Turman
La Cresenta	61	69	113	Donna Lechthaler
North Hollywood	109	98	90	Elizabeth L. Jacobs
Reseda	36	57	158	Zola Larsen
San Fernando	35	35	100	Margaret Krey
Studio City	91	99	109	Alta Wicks
Sunset	62	69	111	Lucille A. Switzer
Van Nuys	94	97	103	Katherine Duke
San Francisco Stake	**313**	**283**	**90**	**Florence M. Fitzgerald**
Balboa	54	70	130	Eva Bane
Mission	70	53	76	Maria Eaton
San Francisco	94	84	89	Ann E. Savard
Sunset	95	76	80	Lillian E. Clawson
San Joaquin Stake	**281**	**305**	**109**	**Sarah E. Dana**
Modesto	65	65	100	Mabel Arnold
Stockton	113	120	106	Ellen Burt
Tracy	23	28	122	Sarah S. Dana
Turlock	30	30	100	Grace Leidsen
Brentwood Branch	8	16	200	Bernice Geddes
Ione Branch	19	23	121	Ruby J. Lyman
Oakdale Branch	23	23	100	Verda H. Chalk
San Juan Stake	**366**	**367**	**100**	**Ruth J. Nielson**
Blanding	86	91	106	Neta W. Young
Grayson	96	101	105	Donna Black
Moab	69	66	96	Naomi Summerville
Monticello	102	101	99	Amy S. Black
Basalt	53	53	100	Thelma Hoskins
Firth	70	103	147	Florence Hanny
Goshen	70	71	101	Thelma Rainston
Jameston	44	53	120	Eva Burke
Kimball	21	30	143	Florence E. Gifford
Shelley First	90	99	110	Viola Peterson
Shelley Second	79	80	101	Thelma Howell
Shelley Third	65	63	97	Areta Van Eps
Taylor	33	35	106	Pearl Clark
Woodville	55	56	102	Edna Kotter
Smithfield Stake				
Smithfield First	87	70	80	Jessie Littledike
Snowflake Stake				
Claysprings	23	21	91	Ruby Hancock
Flagstaff	52	40	77	Martha W. Thomas
Joseph City	61	60	98	Gladys McLaws
Lakeside	41	39	95	Annie H. Kay
Pinedale	24	18	75	Jane M. Jackson
Woodruff	28	22	79	Zella S. Turley
So. Bear River Stake	**476**	**404**	**85**	**Eva B. Hansen**
Deweyville	55	41	75	Pearl Perry
Elwood	41	42	102	Janusine N. Peterson
Penrose	15	19	127	**Lena M. Jensen**
Thatcher	39	30	77	Sylvia W. Dunn
Tremonton First	133	121	91	Lena White
Tremonton Second	105	87	83	Lillian Barfus
Evans Branch	24	28	117	Eliza G. Holland
Promontory Branch	12	15	125	Janice W. Nichalos
So. Box Elder Stake	**630**	**549**	**87**	**Edith Baddley**
Brigham City First	104	87	84	Artie H. Sessions
Brigham City Second	108	117	108	Ezma L. Knudson
Brigham City Fifth	100	104	104	Myrtle Clifford

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Brigham City Sixth	99	76	77	Roma Thorson
Mantua	54	54	100	Verile N. Anderson
South Carolina Stake				
Gaffney	19	19	100	Ila Black
Spartanburg	19	15	79	Elizabeth Noblin
Augusta Branch	15	17	113	Thelma P. Mills
Darlington Branch	14	17	121	Wilma Honney
Winnsboro Branch	6	6	100	Lula Reynalds
South Davis Stake	**841**	**627**	**75**	**Genevieve Gardner**
Bountiful First	129	135	105	Anna Bangerter
Bountiful Third	87	71	82	Reeve B. Hill
Bountiful Fourth	100	94	94	LoReta Riley
South Bountiful	80	79	99	Mrs. Ralph Argyle
So. Idaho Falls Stake	**433**	**361**	**83**	**Valeria Blotter**
Ammon	114	100	88	Leda Jones
Idaho Falls Third	115	91	79	Nell Crowther
Idaho Falls Eighth	77	78	101	Lois Kirby
So. Los Angeles Stake	**888**	**1193**	**134**	**Nancy M. Rupp**
Downey	95	100	105	Letha Henricksen
Grant	53	69	130	Betty Gleason
Huntington Park	85	105	124	Rhea Warren
Manchester	98	126	129	Irene Bracken
Matthews	117	157	134	Josie Newey
Maywood	114	126	111	Shara Bullard
Miramonte	43	76	177	Anna Struhs
South Gate	104	233	224	Marie De Spain
Vermont	74	108	146	Violet Trip
Walnut Park	105	112	107	Delpha Watson
South Ogden Stake	**693**	**657**	**95**	**Loretta Cramer**
Ogden Ninth	87	75	86	Lillie Wangsgard
Coeur D'Alene Branch	23	20	87	Emma Masten
Sandpoint Branch	23	21	91	Wilma M. Marshall
Star Valley Stake				
Etna	49	37	76	Vera Roberts
Fairview	58	52	90	Maud Rauzenberg
Thayne	63	62	98	Leta Coffman
Turnerville Branch	10	9	90	Myrtle Turner
Sugar House Stake	**783**	**800**	**102**	**Melissa K. Wallace**
Bryan	112	115	103	Catherine Sipkema
Emerson	148	150	101	Liahona Smith
Hawthorne	114	114	100	Lena Draney
Marlborough	136	144	106	Hazel Holmquist
Richards	114	116	102	Vera Schmitt
Sugar House	159	161	101	Orlena Christensen
Summit Stake				
Hoytsville	48	38	79	Blanche Crittenden
Upton	10	10	100	Phyllis Staley
Wanship	28	21	75	Fawn W. Smith
Taylor Stake	**543**	**504**	**93**	Grace B. Fletcher
Magrath First	87	85	98	Maysie B. Toomer
Magrath Second	71	80	113	Grace B. Fletcher
Raymond First	57	49	86	Minnie B. Litchfield
Raymond Second	63	60	95	Iva M. Jensen
Raymond Third	60	72	120	Esther J. Anderson
Raymond Fourth	56	51	91	Violet Christensen
Welling	32	35	109	Anna Wilde
Coutts Branch	11	9	82	Della Rodgers
Tyrell's Lake Branch	11	22	200	Clara E. Selk
Temple View Stake				
Sixth-Seventh	57	52	91	Elizabeth Keachie

Ogden Fourteenth	88	73	83	Lenna Singleton
Ogden Eighteenth	88	90	102	Marie B. Wagner
Ogden Twenty-sixth	105	122	116	Ethel S. Lowe
Ogden Twenty-seventh	55	82	149	Josephine L. Swensen
Ogden Twenty-eighth	112	90	80	Margaret Williams
Ogden Thirty-fourth	81	62	77	Luella Brown
South Weber	42	35	83	Lavern J. Poll (Pres.)
Uintah	35	28	80	Kathleen Combe
South Salt Lake Stake	**528**	**498**	**94**	**Hedy T. Davies**
Burton	85	83	98	Martha Reinhold
Central Park	48	59	123	Vida Fillmore
Granite Park	41	42	102	LaRue Kevern
Haven	65	70	108	Floyce Humpherys
Miller	56	64	114	Bernice Roberts
North Central Park	44	54	123	Alice Frandsen
South Gate	97	85	88	Mary M. Cashland
South Sanpete Stake				
Ephraim South	103	83	81	Clarissa T. Hansen
Sterling	22	23	105	Malinda P. Jensen
South Sevier Stake				
Annabella	56	43	77	Lucy C. Gleave
Joseph	42	43	102	Ruby Baker
South Summit Stake				
Marion	31	30	97	Melba Beal
Woodland	41	32	78	Francell Gines
Southern Arizona Stake				
Binghampton	72	89	124	Louisa Done
Whitewater	36	27	75	Marcia Cathcart
Wilcox	7	7	100	Lenore Duncan
Spokane Stake				
Spokane Central	56	45	80	Nellie N. Bliss
Teton Stake				
Bates	25	27	108	Julia J. Riplinger
Cache	20	18	90	Grace E. Higley
Cedron	20	21	105	Leatha Kunz
Darby	21	21	100	Eva Hillman
Jackson	37	45	122	Beth Robertson
Tetonia	37	28	76	Hattie Hatch
Timpanogos Stake	**479**	**378**	**79**	**Geneva W. Warnick**
Grove	73	59	81	Ida Pierson
Lindon	79	61	77	Ella Smith
Manila	56	52	93	Thelma Freeman
Pleasant Grove First	91	70	77	Ida Williamson
Pleasant Grove Second	102	77	75	Lucinda Pearce
Pleasant Grove Third	78	59	76	Ardena Atwood
Tooele Stake				
Stockton	30	23	77	Elva Benson
Tooele First	95	75	79	Bessie S. Kemp
Tooele Fifth	105	95	90	Mabel Dalton
Tooele Sixth	14	27	193	LaDean J. Long
Vernon	24	21	88	Bessie Anderson
Twin Falls Stake	**494**	**450**	**91**	**Goldie Tolman**
Buhl	60	49	82	Johanna Jensen
Kimberly	52	54	104	Nadene Stanger
Murtaugh	37	31	84	Geneva Mayes
Twin Falls First	81	70	86	Lenore Carroll
Twin Falls Second	69	76	110	Mabel Judd
Twin Falls Third	73	74	101	Vera Holland
Twin Falls Fourth	62	52	84	Bertha Bolton
Filer Branch	30	23	77	Willa Hepworth
Uintah Stake	**696**	**555**	**80**	**Elsie M. Palmer**
Ashley	45	40	89	Annie Morrison
Glines	45	38	84	Effie Halfeltz

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Jensen	54	44	81	Amelia Ainge
Maeser	76	60	79	Marie Johnson
Tridell	40	34	85	Vergie Behrman
Vernal First	73	70	96	Arlene Chivers
Vernal Second	81	62	77	Pearl Winder
Vernal Third	69	77	112	Alice Billings
Bonanza Branch	10	19	190	LaMar Richens
Union Stake	**412**	**392**	**95**	**Texy J. Weimer**
Baker	59	55	93	Sadie Shelton
Imbler	28	26	93	Lee Ellen Coe
La Grande First	93	96	103	Lillie Waldrop
La Grande Second	77	69	90	Lydia Feik
Pendleton	39	50	128	Belle Eriksen
Union	49	44	90	Erma Badger
Halfway Branch	10	11	110	Wilmerth Ward
Utah Stake	**442**	**371**	**84**	**Bertha Memmott**
Park	58	44	76	Levine Wright
Provo Third	138	104	75	Esther Hurst
Provo Fourth	63	56	89	Hilda K. Daniels
Provo Sixth	85	85	100	Jane B. Evans
University	98	82	84	Leda Law
Uvada Stake				
Pioche	51	94	184	Hertha Kroencke
Hiko Branch	5	5	100	Jewel Hansen
Ursine Branch	6	9	150	Elva Hollinger
Wasatch Stake	**635**	**606**	**95**	**Mildred Lawrence**
Center	25	22	88	Phyllis Christensen
Charleston	33	34	103	Zina Ritchie
Daniels	50	43	86	Ina Orgill
Heber First	109	101	93	LaPreal McKnight
Herriman	50	67	134	Agnes Dansie
Riverton First	67	56	84	Eliza Reynolds
Riverton Second	94	86	91	Blanche Myers
South Jordan	133	109	82	Elsie J. Merrill
West Pocatello Stake	**588**	**563**	**96**	**Reta C. Austin**
Arbon	17	19	112	Colleen Bailey
Pocatello First	81	66	81	Emma Hurst
Pocatello Fifth	100	80	80	Ione Slayden
Pocatello Ninth	86	86	100	Eva Richardson
Pocatello Tenth	129	114	88	Ethel Morgan
Pocatello Eleventh	94	147	156	Hattie Tolman
West Utah	**405**	**325**	**80**	**Cleo L. Thatcher**
Pioneer	65	51	78	Ella Wilkins
Provo Second	90	79	88	Zelma H. Halladay
Provo Eleventh	70	57	81	Ruby Peay
Rivergrove	100	78	78	Eva Ricks
Sunset	80	60	75	Lillie M. Cambell
Woodruff Stake				
Hilliard	14	18	129	Lucille Brown
Yellowstone Stake	**659**	**523**	**79**	**Leona E. Lords**
Ashton	76	77	101	Berthie Baker
Egin Bench	59	46	78	Fanny Hunter
Marysville	32	39	122	Marjorie Gunter
St. Anthony First	82	86	105	Ada Christensen
Twin Groves	31	24	77	Nelle Bowen
Wilford	55	44	80	Beulah Willyerd
Kilgore Branch	24	30	125	Hedwig Hirschi
Young Stake	**351**	**284**	**81**	**Lois F. Palmer**
Kirtland	68	69	101	Lois F. Palmer
Redmesa	34	28	82	Veda Walker (Pres.)

Heber Second	98	75	77	Mary Moulton
Heber Third	82	84	102	Margaret E. Callister
Heber Fourth	76	100	132	Verna Hicken
Midway First	59	64	108	LaNeva Averett
Midway Second	64	53	83	Margaret C. Kelly
Wallsburg	39	30	77	Ethel Batty
Washington Stake				
Washington	54	44	81	Effie Thompsen
Wayne Stake				
Grover Branch	8	7	88	Joy Clark
Weber Stake				
Ogden First	110	84	76	Robena Harris
Ogden Eleventh	109	85	78	Viola M. Royle
Ogden Nineteenth	83	73	88	Edith D. Anderson
Weiser Stake	**700**	**551**	**79**	**Fannie Chandler**
Letha	60	54	90	Ann A. Jensen
Nyssa Second	42	34	81	Hazel Hunter
Ontario	80	90	113	Myrtle Wilburn
Payette	33	35	106	Fern Roberts
Vale	61	52	85	Avis Belnap
Weiser	62	52	84	Lucille Chandler
Cascade Branch	18	18	100	Clara McMurdie
Fruitvale Branch	8	6	75	Irene Burt
Sweet Branch	15	14	93	Miss Gean Robison
Wells Stake	**876**	**687½**	**78**	**Mabel E. Wood**
Ivins	113	107	95	Beatrice Ford
McKay	104	114	110	Mrs. J. W. Stoker
Waterloo	126	98½	78	Jennie Waldram
Wilson	92	71	77	Myrtle Wennhold
West Jordan Stake	**762**	**588**	**77**	**Olivia M. Egbert**
Bingham	68	69	101	Hazel J. Robison
Cortez Branch	20	15	75	Carmen Tanner
Kline Branch	14	19	136	Ida Eaton
Zion Park Stake				
LaVerkin	60	45	75	Vilate Hardy
Rockville	32	26	81	Mary H. DeMille
Toquerville	42	40	95	Edythe Klingersmith

MISSIONS

Australian	**250**	**210**	**84**	**Blanche K. Richmond**
Adelaide	16	14	88	Betty McCarthy
Glen Huon	16	33	206	Marjorie Watson
Hurstville	18	34	189	Florence Wardingly
Nambour	10	11	110	Leila Atkinson
Perth	16	12	75	Eunice Compton
California	**1004**	**960**	**96**	**Vivian R. McConkie**
Arizona	149	127	85	Marva Kinateder
Ajo	24	27	113	Tressie Harpool
Chino Valley	17	17	100	Ita Turley (Pres.)
Miller Valley	39	30	77	Frances Peterson
Wickenburg	17	20	118	Evelyn White
Bakersfield	186	148	80	Margaret S. Taylor
Delano	9	9	100	Juanita Brooks
East Bakersfield	72	58	81	Alfrieta B. Mayes
Oildale	33	22	96	Lily H. Davies
Taft	36	30	83	Belva Stanfield
Wasco	16	12	75	Rae Hager
Coachella Valley	20	24	120	
Indio	7	11	157	Miriane Hale
Palm Springs	13	13	100	Hilda Goff
Colorado River	62	57	92	
Blythe	20	27	135	Nora McCuen

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Yuma	27	22	81	Cora Rogers
Imperial Valley	39	47	121	
Brawley	18	27	150	Irene Wadell
El Centro	21	20	95	Dorothy Layton
Las Flores	73	72	99	Reta Johnson
Lompoc	8	10	125	Shirly Staffanson
Paso Robles	13	12	92	Maureene Chrisman
San Luis Obispo	29	24	83	Leah P. Godfrey
Santa Maria	23	26	113	Lydia B. Triplett
Mount Whitney	81	76	94	Addie Smith
Bishop	18	14	78	Lois Taylor
Independence	9	10	111	Leona Pendleton
Lone Pine	7	7	100	Alpha Budke
Ridgecrest	21	27	129	Delma Werle
Trona	20	16	80	Laura Corbridge
Mojave Desert	28	42	150	
Barstow	12	14	117	Minnie B. Conklin
Lancaster	11	15	136	Della Guymon (Pres.)
Oak Creek	61	53	87	Elizabeth Merwin
Ash Fork	9	9	100	Clesta Dunbar
Camp Verde	5	5	100	June Calhoun
Oak Creek	8	8	100	Nancy Hight
Verde Valley	31	28	90	Larene Petersen
San Gorgonio	75	60	80	Mariam A. Robinson
Hemet	32	31	97	Reva Kribbs
Santa Barbara	145	144	99	Frances E. Peck
Oxnard	35	31	89	Myrtle Altman
Santa Barbara	38	53	139	Eileen Godbey
Santa Paula	20	22	110	Iva Tripp
South Coast	95	110	116	Elizabeth C. Anderson
Springfield	16	20	125	Joyce Franklin
Stillwater	19	16	84	Clara V. Nelson
South Independence	28	21	75	Gwendolyn Reed
Tulsa	20	21	105	R. Darlene Thompson
West Wichita	19	20	105	Rosie Thompson
East Central States	**424**	**368**	**87**	**Hilda M. Richards**
Boldman	10	10	100	Wilda Duvall
Bradfordsville	17	18	106	Nellie Tungate
Cabin Creek	12	14	117	Virginia Thacker
Charleston	45	51	113	Emma Atkinson
Cumberland	5	7	140	Mrs. Glen L. Lewis
Fairmont	8	9	113	May Sloter
Franklin	8	21	263	Alice B. Hartman
Lexington	16	16	100	Grace Wells
Logan	17	20	118	Ida Clemens
Martin	36	37	103	Della Stephens
Memphis	24	25	104	Reba Sims
Oak Ridge	9	8	89	Iva Mae Posey
Parkersburg	9	8	89	Agatha Garvin
Richardsville	10	10	100	Geneva Childers
Eastern States				
Albany	10	9	90	Emma Barton
Buffalo	15	17	113	Louise Winspear
Canandaigua	8	11	138	Florie W. Reddlesworth
Erie	11	12	109	Madeline Scott
Niagara Falls	18	15	83	Tessa M. Udy
Palmyra	18	14	78	Grace Bump
Philadelphia	40	33	83	Helen S. Lindsey
Pittsburg	20	18	90	Virginia Birtcher

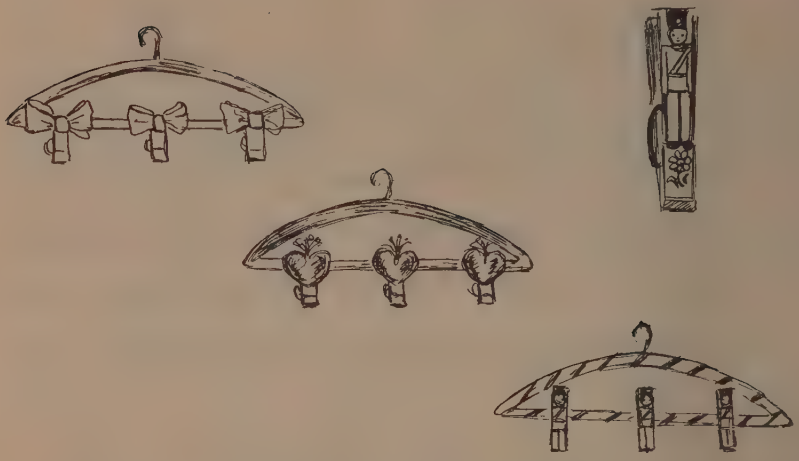
Carlsbad	20	26	130	Violet Williams
Escondido	26	28	108	Ruth Harris
Fallbrook	17	20	118	Lela A. Reed
Laguna Beach	16	22	138	Marie Rolson
San Dieguito	16	14	88	Molly Hansen
Canadian				
Brantford	10	8	80	Gladys M. Meek
Kitchener	6	5	83	Patricia Steinmetz (Sec.)
Ottawa	16	12	75	Eva E. Musson
Stratford	5	6	120	
Central States				
Arkansas City	12	9	75	Donna White
Barney	4	4	100	Clara McDonald
Claytonville	5	4	80	Ada A. Fridell
Dodge City	22	21	95	Mary M. Shumard
East St. Louis	12	12	100	Willie Pratt Kanipe
East Wichita	14	14	100	Hazel Lawson
El Dorado	25	24	96	Ida Lovelace
Fort Sill	11	9	82	Ethel Hoffman
Gideon	3	3	100	Stella Mann
Hayti	6	6	100	Pauline Britton
Independence North	16	12	75	Mary Emily
Joplin	19	17	89	Juanita Shivley
Junction City	5	5	100	Carrie Snyder
Kansas City No. 2	31	28	90	Pauline Slight
Larned	8	11	138	Elsa Webb
Mexico	10	8	80	Nan Thompson
Miami	8	8	100	Mrs. G. A. Schmidt
North Sidney	16	12	75	Mary Emily
Oklahoma City	23	37	161	Wilma Lindsey
Sedalia	8	8	100	Grace Furnell
Reading	7	6	86	Pearl D. Yeager
Rochester	11	10	91	Helen Boas
Sunbury	5	6	120	Irene Hile
Washington	8	6	75	Hazel Danley
Wilmington	14	11	79	Beatrice C. Stirland
New England States				
Bath	8	7	88	Sara Hyde
Burlington	6	7	117	Mildred Short-sleeve
Concord	5	4	80	Jennie Anderson
Fall River	5	6	120	Thelma Dube
Framingham	6	5	83	Eva Harris
Halifax	5	13	260	Ruth Robar
Hartford	12	11	92	Belva Strople
Nashua	4	3	75	Itol B. Clough
New Haven	8	6	75	Phyllis Cannon
New London	4	3	75	Lorraine Lee
South Royalton	11	10	91	Sadie Whitcomb
Springfield	15	18	120	Irene Wrigley
North Central States				
South Minnesota				
Austin	3	4	133	Maude I. Wigant
Yellowstone				
Lewistown	8	9	113	Louise McLaughlin (Pres.)
Sumatra	14	11	79	Gladys W. Savage (Pres.)
Miles City	9	10	111	Leah B. Nielson (Pres.)
Duluth	12	12	100	Margaret E. Hallgren
Fargo	7	7	100	Lillian Evelyn Schoeler

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Fort Frances	6	7	117	Ethel Shine
Gettysburg	6	8	133	Mildred Sandberg
Grand Forks	7	12	171	Lottie Lehew
Sioux Falls	8	6	75	Mabel Juber
Northern California				
Fresno District	108	116	107	Verna G. Christofferson
East Fresno	23	57	248	Georgia Markow
Merced	24	33	138	Harriet Moulton
Klamath Falls				
Mt. Hebron	7	7	100	Julia Andrus
Monterey Bay District				
Sunnyvale	13	13	100	Arlean Miner
Redwood				
Arcata	19	17	89	Helen Goodman
Hydesville	13	10	77	Dollie M. Allen
Rouge River				
Etna	12	13	108	Marie Johnson
Santa Rosa				
Lakeport	10	13	130	Maud Pearson
Petaluma	8	14	175	Alice Elphick
Sebastopol	9	8	89	Helen Lohman
Sequoia				
Avenal	12	10	83	Lela B. Burt
Porterville	20	17	85	Elizabeth Rogers
Shasta				
Orland	11	13	118	Mary Parker
Willows	10	9	90	Martha M. Nelson
Northern States	**989**	**747**	**77**	**Elna P. Haymond**
Central Indiana	144	113	78	Ellen R. Clayton
Indianapolis North	31	31	100	Miss Alice Coffey
Grand Rapids	16	17	106	Eleanor R. V. Anderson
Jackson	15	16	107	Norma Wilson
Lansing	19	21	111	Elmira Eyre
Saginaw	7	11	157	Dolene Le Guire
Wisconsin	72	60	83	Hazel M. Branham
Eau Claire	9	13	144	Luella Schroeder
Lyndhurst	11	18	164	Selma Hoffman
Rhinelander	11	11	100	Chloe Sparks
Sheboygan	6	6	100	Norma Kussow
Northwestern States	**1765**	**1382**	**78**	**Georgina F. Richards**
Anchorage	28	27	96	Cora McCarrey
Fairbanks	14	16	114	Merlene Anderson
Grays Harbor	8	9	113	Bernice A. Dale
Juneau	12	14	117	Ella A. Belcher
Kellogg-Wallace	9	9	100	Ruby Eichert
Priest River	5	11	220	Myrtle Biggs
Winlock	12	11	92	Tina Foreman
Bend	92	71	77	Lalovi Harris
Bend	32	26	81	Lucy Howard
Prineville	14	16	114	Wilma Booth
Redmond	15	12	80	Irene Butler
Butte				
Bozeman	10	17	170	Irene Buttleman
Dillon	22	29	132	Myrtle L. Wallace
Helena	27	29	107	Pearl Merrill
Corvallis	87	75	86	Idell B. Lee
Albany	10	10	100	Joan Lee
Corvallis	30	28	93	Lucile Hardman
Lebanon	16	14	88	Dollie Whitmore
Newport	6	7	117	Anna Oldham
Sweet Home	13	12	92	Sylvia Anderson

Indianapolis South	51	42	82	Lena Liggett
Central Ohio	60	46	77	Helen Y. Page
Springfield	7	7	100	Valorie Detillion
East Iowa				
Bonaparte	6	5	83	Sue Ferguson
East Michigan				
Ann Arbor	22	17	77	Lucille McClelland
Pontiac	10	9	90	Louise Beauchamp
Toledo	8	9	113	Florence Schultz
North Illinois	53	50	94	Rena P. Custer
Elgin	4	4	100	Mrs. John Ekstrom
Galesburg	8	10	125	Rena P. Custer
Peoria	11	11	100	Grace Diepenbroch
Tri-Cities	24	22	92	Cleona Peterson
North Indiana				
Fort Wayne	22	17	77	Shirley Cunningham
North Ohio	95	82	86	Beth Price
Alliance	11	16	145	Mrs. Floyd Randall
Cleveland	26	34	131	Hazel Robison
South Illinois	70	75	107	Mary L. Stewart
Bloomington	8	6	75	La Nora Bingham
Champaign	11	10	91	Delores P. Sleight
Clinton	9	8	89	Lettie Crews
Decatur	6	10	167	Freda Belle Dial
Springfield	16	23	144	Johanna Meissner
Quincy	3	3	100	Anna Burrows
South Indiana				
Terre Haute	13	11	85	Ramona Simpkins
South Ohio	57	43	75	Elizabeth Hoopes
Cincinnati	30	33	110	Adeline Taylor
West Iowa				
Des Moines	16	14	88	Eliza Christiansen
West Michigan	109	99	91	Sophia Busby Gordon
Great Falls	160	123	77	Bea Payne
Bynum	19	24	126	Ivy Stott
Conrad	8	8	100	June Judy
Fort Benton	7	6	86	Maxine McDede
Golden Ridge	11	9	82	Leah Eddington
Simms	14	12	86	Sara Robbins
McMinnville	107	94	88	
Hillsboro	16	14	88	Erma R. Fox
McMinnville	27	26	96	Vera E. Larsen
Tillamook	14	20	143	Mrs. J. S. Winfield
Silverton	9	8	89	Lydia Dick
Missoula	239	205	86	Sarah Farnsworth
Allensdale	13	17	131	Bernice L. Allen
Charlo	45	38	84	Ester B. Swainston
Hamilton	45	48	107	Edith Neilson
Polson	15	12	80	Venetta Brower
St. Ignatius	38	38	100	Georgia Pierce
Stevensville	11	12	109	Ruby Blodgett
Northern Montana	73	69	95	Olga Blatter
Chinook	26	27	104	Alice Maddox
Cut Bank	11	13	118	Nelly M. Johnson
Harlem	23	20	87	Deyan Hulse
Shelby	5	4	80	Erva Budd
Oregon				
Beaverton	14	12	86	Lucille Jones
Oregon City	28	36	129	Vanda Marchant
The Dalles	20	15	75	Velma Page
Washougal	17	14	82	Maude L. Dean
Rainier				
Auburn	6	6	100	Aletta Adams (Sec.)
Buckley	16	13	81	Arvilla Loomis
Southern Oregon				
Junction City	19	19	100	Ilda Hooper
Wenatchee	115	104	90	Naomi B. Monson

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Coulee Dam	10	10	100	Leona Hickman
Leavenworth	7	9	129	Dorna M. Love
Moses Lake	25	22	88	Rhoda W. Cobia
Quincy-Ephrata	11	14	127	Esther Hatch
Wenatchee	29	27	93	Pauline M. Baird
Yakima				
Hermiston	13	12	92	Mabel Oman
Pasco-Kennewick	26	28	108	Vera L. Warfield
Toppenish	23	23	100	Georgiana D. Willard
South African				
Ramah	6	9	150	Jean D. Wright (Pres.)
Springs	7	10	143	Jean D. Wright (Pres.)
Pretoria	13	11	85	Jean D. Wright (Pres.)
Southern States	**1042**	**784**	**75**	**Rula W. Choules**
Alabama	49	43	88	Arcolla Dewitt
Azalia City	16	12	75	Effie Cotton
Bayou La Croix	6	5	83	Ellen E. Ladner
Lamison	11	9	82	Effie Stockman
North Alabama				
McCalla	10	12	120	Mrs. S. J. Vining
Central Florida	142	122	86	J. Marie Moore
Belleview	9	7	78	Arizona Scott
New Smyrna Beach	5	5	100	Lucy J. Michael
Orlando	18	19	106	Elizabeth Kimball
Ozona	6	5	83	Irene Butler
Sarasota	4	6	150	Anna Hodges
St. Petersburg	4	4	100	Epie Wooten
Tampa	35	33	94	Ethel R. Jainer
Denmark	4	4	100	Pauline Morris
West South Carolina				
Aiken	6	5	83	Clarice Hoyt
Texas-Louisiana	**794**	**672**	**85**	**Leone R. Bowring**
East Texas				
Kelsey	28	22	79	Sarah Chevalier
Tyler	7	7	100	Leona Bell
North Central Texas	89	72	81	Annie S. Poll
Fort Worth	27	31	115	Lydia Swanson
North Texas	23	24	104	Luella R. Hansen
Amarillo	5	10	200	Ruth M. Ray
Lubback	7	7	100	Grace Miller
South East Texas	154	163	106	Sadie O. Clark
Bay City	5	4	80	Mrs. George D. Wainner
Beaumont	4	8	200	Darlene James
Houston	51	51	100	Pauline Dietrick
Orange	7	17	243	Mrs. Clark Barrett
Silsbee	13	14	108	Helen Hake
Velasco	10	10	100	Mrs. K. A. Johnston
Williamson	29	37	128	Epsie Wright
South Texas	96	73	76	Louise R. Turley
Center Point	12	13	108	Levon Havens
San Antonio	26	20	77	Adda Lee Smith
Victoria	6	7	117	Mavanee Routt
West Texas				
Monahans	18	14	78	Muriel C. James
North Louisiana	131	111	85	Alice W. Belisle
Alexandria	6	6	100	Margaret P. Jackson
Many	23	19	83	Elouise Anders
Monroe	18	15	83	Martha Tucker
Natchitaches	19	17	89	Clara A. Methain

Winter Haven	14	21	150	Virginia Dicks
West Florida				
Bristol	14	14	100	L. V. Adams
Olive	6	9	150	Julie Mae Kennedy
Panama City	19	18	95	Mrs. H. L. Lindsey
Georgia	150	151	101	Florence Caroline Wilson
Athens	6	5	83	Myrtle Dixon
Atlanta	37	37	100	Mrs. Zola Morrison
East Point	6	15	250	Geneve Dubrawski
Empire	10	12	120	Mizzie Fordham
Gibson	6	6	100	Vera Thigpen
Macon	25	33	132	Lena Mae Stuckey
Milledgeville	12	10	83	Alice Quinn
Georgia-Florida				
Douglas	22	22	100	Rachel Roberts
Moultrie	11	9	82	Mildred Barlow
Perry	8	7	88	Tathe R. Brown
Quitman	10	8	80	Mildred B. Gines
Valdosta	4	5	125	Betty Carley
South Georgia	68	74	109	Bertha Carley
Brunswick	9	11	122	Elsie Lee Boone
Jesup	8	8	100	Thelma Massey
Ridgeland	14	18	129	Vivian Lowther
Savannah	27	30	111	Alberta Clifton
Mississippi				
Columbia	19	19	100	Otilla K. Griner
Liberty	13	10	77	Katie Blalock
Red Star	16	13	81	Katie Smith
Sand Hill	7	6	86	Hettie McLain
North Mississippi				Lillie G. Floyd
Senatobia	4	5	125	
South Carolina				
Bennettsville	5	5	100	Eunice Rainwater
Rosepine	8	8	100	Maggie Cline
Shreveport	17	26	153	Evelyn Rains
Zylks	9	9	100	Nora Gibson
South Louisiana	133	124	93	Ida Ficklin
Albany	4	5	125	
Baton Rouge	23	42	183	Leila Traylor
Gonzales	16	17	106	Elsie P. Marchand
New Orleans	22	23	105	Grace N. Nical
Pride	18	16	89	Gertrude Aucain
Western States	**812**	**691**	**85**	**Mildred M. Dillman**
West Colorado	254	297	117	Lula Dunsdon
Craig	37	38	103	Eva M. Pace
Delta	11	14	127	Lillian Vincent
Fruita	23	27	117	Lena Elizondo
Glenwood Springs	20	25	125	Leah Bair
Grand Junction	68	111	163	Arva M. Allgood
Meeker	18	15	83	Laree Cook
Montrose	16	18	113	Afton Holt
Paonia	23	21	91	Louva H. Carter
Rifle	11	10	91	Iris Whitt
West New Mexico				
Gallup	19	22	116	Ruth Sherman
Hot Springs	5	5	100	Martha Burris
Santa Fe	7	15	214	Alta Jordon
Wyoming	128	112	88	Verla L. Smith
Casper	31	40	129	Phyllis Heaton
Ft. Washakie	8	9	113	Irentse Enos
Rawlins	24	21	88	Lucile G. Butterfield
Riverton	20	16	80	Lucille M. Jensen
Monte Vista	21	22	105	Sewins Hart
North Platte	7	6	86	Vera M. Combs
Rapid City	8	8	100	Mabel Thomas
Roswell	8	10	125	Eulalia Randolph
Sidney	6	8	133	Idona Richins



Skirt Hangers in a Jiffy

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrated by Elizabeth Williamson

DON'T spoil that perfectly pressed skirt by folding it over an old wire hanger! Three snap clothespins tacked to the crosspiece of an ordinary wooden coat hanger transform it into an excellent skirt hanger.

It is such a simple trick that there is no excuse for not having plenty of them. And, if your best friend doesn't know about it, fix a few for her. enamel them in pretty colors, use a dainty "decal" or two, and the next time she has a birthday, surprise her with something she can really use.

For variation, cover the clothespins with decorative sachets. Another trick is to paint the tips of the clothespins with fingernail enamel, and attach a sachet of matching color.

Swinging

Grace Sayre

Up where the sky holds the tallest of swings,
Gay-hearted little girls spread play-dress wings;
Long loops of swing rope, in a bright arc,
Follow the children that swing in the park.
Swing to the rooftops, swing through the trees,
Golden hair sunnily catching the breeze.
Julie has hair that is red with the sun,
Mary's is brown as a new-baked bun,
And Gloria's long braids reach out toward the town,
As the wind follows playfully, up and down.
Swing to the rooftops, swing with the breeze,
Brown, red, or gold hair, shines through the trees.

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278.

See also *Handbook of Instructions* of Relief Society, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Fawn N. Dilworth

BLAINE STAKE (IDAHO), JEROME SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS From 1914 to 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Martina Jensen; Tryphena Cox Sidwell; Stella Thompson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Elizabeth Wray; Bertha Smith; Mary V. Tilby; Mildred Andrus.

Insets, left to right: Estella Tolman Day; Eulalia S. Welch; Bertha Newman, now serving on a mission to her native country—Switzerland.

Two past presidents, Susanne Ferguson and Annie Dalton are deceased.

Fawn N. Dilworth is president of Blaine Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Veta J. Waddoups

LOST RIVER STAKE (IDAHO), CONDUCTS UNIQUE FLOWER SHOW AND ART EXHIBIT, August 19, 1949

Veta J. Waddoups, Moore, Idaho, submits a beautifully written account of several projects which the women of Lost River Stake developed into successful fruition under adverse circumstances. "Lost River Valley is located in the heart of the desert. The valley has suffered much during those years when drought ravaged her hills and vales. Until recent years the valley has been principally a livestock country. . . . The summers are short and the winters cold. About 1930 the Relief Society women were anxious to begin a home beautification project to add richness to their lives. . . . A flower show project was begun. . . . Women were encouraged to plant a row of flowers in their vegetable gardens. . . . In August of 1930 a few women traveled miles to display their flowers. . . . One woman brought a small bouquet of petunias to which she had carried water in a bucket all summer. Thus the annual flower show in Lost River Stake had its beginning. . . . Each year a few more women made the effort; each year they learned new things. . . . Each year the display of flowers increased.

"Then it was decided to have a handicraft exhibit along with the flowers. . . . This event was held in a different ward each year, which necessitated the women to travel as much as thirty miles to bring their flowers and art work. . . . Programs of

music, readings, and dancing were added. And so the project grew. Humble homes were beginning to take on new beauty with lawns and tiny gardens. . . . The work leaders in the stake, Marion Yorgenson and Maud Babcock, held art classes during the summer months to teach textile painting and fine handicraft arts. The results of these classes were also placed on exhibit at the flower show. . . . Last summer these women gave classes in figurine painting and approximately one hundred pieces were painted. The total enrollment of our participating Relief Societies was 224 women.

"August 19th our annual exhibit was held in the new Leslie Ward chapel. . . . As one entered the beautiful new building, with its newly planted lawns, and viewed the display of art work, the beautiful pieces of upholstery, the figurines, the flowers in gorgeous array and saw the ninety-five Singing Mothers in formal attire and heard their voices, one could not help recalling the tiny beginning from which this project sprang. . . . Drought has receded into the desert. . . . We feel that these projects have strengthened the faith of the women in their own abilities, in our Lost River Valley, and in the gospel."

Elva J. Beal is president of Lost River Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Veta J. Waddoups

LOST RIVER STAKE FLOWER SHOW

Photograph submitted by Lavina W. Barton

EASTERN STATES MISSION, ALBANY (NEW YORK) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Front row, left to right: chorister Audrey Gibson; theology leader Beth Taylor; Second Counselor Emma Barton.

Back row: Secretary-Treasurer Betty Shaffer; President Lavina Barton; literature leader Barbara Behling; First Counselor Almira Kline.

Active members Lena Turner and Ann Batchelor were absent when this photograph was taken.

President Barton reports: "The members of this society represent three cities: Albany, Rensselaer, and Troy, New York. Meetings are held in the homes of the members and the attendance has been loyal and consistent. The Relief Society of this small branch just completed a successful branch party which included a bazaar, bake-sale, fish-pond, program, moving pictures, and refreshments. Members, non-members, and missionaries all co-operated. Ninety people were present, including thirty-nine non-members of the Church."

Georgia R. Livingston is president of the Eastern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Berta Piranian

PALESTINE-SYRIAN MISSION, FIRST BAZAAR HELD IN BEIRUT

November 1, 1949

Left to right: Alice Inglisian; Anahit Arabian; Berta Piranian, President, Palestine-Syrian Mission Relief Society; Juliet Ouzunian, President, Beirut Relief Society.

Sister Piranian reports that this bazaar was very successful and the sisters enjoyed preparing the displays. There are nine members in the Beirut Relief Society and sixteen in Aleppo. In both branches the members of the presidencies act as visiting teachers.

Photograph submitted by Letta Staples

SEVIER STAKE (UTAH), RICHFIELD SECOND WARD VISITING TEACHERS ASSEMBLED AT A PARTY GIVEN IN THEIR HONOR, January 31, 1950

This ward has the distinction of having a 100 per cent record in visiting teaching for more than twenty years. Executive officers of the ward Relief Society are: President Vanorma Anderson; First Counselor Blanche Spencer; Second Counselor Thelma Beutler; Secretary-Treasurer Edna Haynie.

Ivy C. Ashby is president of Sevier Stake Relief Society.

Dark in the Chrysalis

(*Continued from page 319*)

in the back, others set to work grubbing and trimming in the back yard. Edith and Linnie hurried to sort out the furniture in the upstairs rooms, rushed to town each afternoon while Grammy slept, to choose wallpaper, curtains, and furnishings, recounting their adventures and decisions to Mrs. Lewis, who was avid for every detail.

Trucks came, bringing mountain soil and fertilizer. Nurseries delivered shrubs which were planted immediately. Workmen planted grass in the finely combed soil, installed a system of sprinkling, and erected trellises.

The women, dizzy with wallpaper, curtains, and furnishings, hardly noticed what went on outside. Linnie and Edith sat up nights, poring over color schemes in advance of morning and the workmen.

Painters and paperhangers stepped aside for plumbers in the upper hall. Tile-setters worked at night, installing a new bathroom and a shower off the kitchen. Electricians installed new appliances in the kitchen and wired outlets for the numerous lamps that blossomed all over the house. Carpets were laid from wall to wall in each room, being finished sometimes only minutes before the furniture arrived and was set in place. The clean smell of paper and paint pervaded the house.

Edith dropped to bed and to sleep almost simultaneously, so weary was she, but it was a good weariness, and it brought good

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sleep, unridden with dreams. She thought ruefully that it would have been more fun to go slowly, but realized that time was an important element. Her whole background had trained her to economy; now she was heady with the cost of things, had lost track long since. She looked with new eyes at Cory, immaculate at dinner as he had gone to his office in the morning. Did he realize how hard he had driven her?

LINNIE regaled her father with accounts of the progress, their newest plans, her lovely face radiant with enthusiasm. Edith was content to sit back and let her talk, proud of the girl's quick grasp of the principles of interior decoration, delighted with the ease with which the terms rolled off her tongue.

"I'm not sure about that plaid room," she said once, considering prettily the paper she had brought to the table, her pencil poised at her lips. She looked so like a magazine illustration that Cory winked slyly at Edith, composing his face to respectful interest for her upward glance. A young girl in love was one of the world's masterpieces, Edith decided, a joint enterprise with a partner like Cory, the most challenging.

In less than two weeks the place was completely transformed, its latent beauty dramatized fully. Edith was amazed to see the back yard as informally beautiful as the front yard was formal. The weeping birch was leafed and gracefully swept the new lawn, already thickly emerald, healthy rose shoots climbed the trellises. Small trees and shrubs formed interesting groups in the

corners of the lovely rock wall, blossoming pansies hugged their feet. A patio was gaily fitted with lawn furniture; comfortable deck chairs invited enjoyment of the warm May sun. A neighbor's apple tree leaned a blossom-laden branch over the rear wall. Edith caught her breath.

"Like it?" Cory asked, giving her a sidelong glance.

"I love it," said Edith. "It's poetic. I can readily see that Linnie is not the only artist in the family."

"What's next on the list?" Cory asked. He had flushed with pleasure at her words, color creeping to the roots of his dark hair, softening his strong features.

"Linnie's trousseau and wedding dress — bridesmaids' dresses, announcements, and parties."

"Parties?"

"Dozens of them," confirmed Edith. "All brides have them. Announcement parties, trousseau teas, and whatnot."

"It's a racket," grinned Cory.

"Well, Linnie wants the whole thing."

"That's what I want her to have, Edith, the works."

Her name slipped off his tongue as easily as if with common usage. Edith Ashe, Mrs. Ashe, he had called her, never just the friendliness of "Edith."

"Speaking of parties," he went on, "I'd like to have one—a dinner party."

"A dinner party?"

"Yes, some business friends. They entertain me at their homes. I have always entertained them at hotels. I guess I'd like to put on

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the dog a little. Could it be managed? About next Friday?"

"Of course it could," Edith assured him warmly.

"Fine! For twelve people. And Edith, will you be the hostess?"

"Why not Linnie?"

"I want Linnie there, of course, but I particularly want you to act as hostess. Will you do it?"

"Why, I guess so. Certainly."

EDITH was definitely and warmly thrilled as she went upstairs. Life, which she had thought to be all over for her, was definitely taking a new turn, one filled with excitement and interesting meaning. She dressed carefully, brushing the blue-black hair back in feathers around her face, listening with half attention to Mrs. Lewis reminisce of the old days, of her own marriage to Cory's father. Cory's hand, touching hers accidently as he helped her with his mother's wheelchair on the stairs, was like an electric shock. She was sure he felt it too, for he gave her a quick, penetrating glance that seemed weighted with unsaid things.

"Daddy, Aunt Edith," said Linnie at the table, "I didn't think it was possible for me to be so happy, ever. Everything is perfect for my wedding. I dreaded for Paul and his people to come, but now I am proud of my home. I can hardly wait. I know it will all be perfect to the last detail."

"Of course it will, honey. Any wedding would be perfect with you as the bride."

"I love those medieval lamps on the porch, Daddy, and the house numbers. I didn't know you had such wonderful taste. Every detail

is perfect, thanks to you and Aunt Edith. Every inch of the place has been gone over, even Grammy's room, except your room. Why didn't you let us fix it up?"

"I wanted to leave something undone, a psychological reason."

"Why, Daddy? Please tell me," coaxed Linnie.

"I don't see why not," said Cory, after a little thought. "You should be able to understand. I am going to get married."

"Married?" said Linnie. A forkful of food halted abruptly halfway to her mouth. She was suddenly pale.

"Yes," Cory went on, not noticing. "I should like my wife to have at least one room left to decorate, seeing how much fun you girls have had."

"Who?" said Linnie. "Who is it, Daddy? No! Don't tell me. I think I know."

"Why, Linnie," said Cory in concern, for Linnie stood up. "I thought you would understand."

"No, Daddy. I don't think I do," said Linnie in a clear little voice. "It is all right. It is your life. I'll get used to it. It's just that I don't think I could ever, ever—if Paul died, love somebody else."

She fled swiftly toward the stairs, her slim hand to her mouth.

Cory looked miserably down at his plate, Mrs. Lewis watching him apprehensively. Only Edith went on eating with great effort the lumps of tasteless food, with steady, icy fingers, as if nothing had happened, though she longed to follow Linnie, and go to her room.

(To be continued)

Neighborhood

Margery S. Stewart

Blessed are those whose lives are lived
On one long shady street,
Whose sheltered, well-scrubbed porches know
The countless coming feet
Of those who wish to borrow,
And those who wish to give,
Those who bring their happiness,
Those needing help to live.
These people walk so close to life
They feel her pulses beat.

Blessed are those who know the names
Of every child they meet,
Who break the bread of friendliness
And find its savor sweet.
Not for them the bitter dark
Of loneliness that swells
The seeking heart until it breaks
Like brittle, tide-flung shells,
Of him who never learned how wide
A world is one retreat.

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From Near and Far

I was busy ironing last Monday, but thinking, also, about the bishop who thinks *The Relief Society Magazine* is sad. So I picked up a stub pencil and wrote the following verses:

Someone has said our little book
Is very, very sad—
It brought the tears into his eyes;
Now, *that* is very sad.

These cookies are from out that book,
They're good, you can't deny—
Now, just another helping
Of this lovely savory pie;

These are pictures of the workers—
Their smiling tells of joys
They had in making up new clothes
For needy girls and boys.

Now, I can't tell you everything
That's in our *Magazine*—
But if some day I chance your way,
I hope your face will beam!

—Mrs. R. S. Vince
Glen Huon, New Zealand

The Relief Society Magazine is an important part of our home. The lessons are a source of strength and encouragement in many hours of need and are a most wonderful source of information as well as inspiration. The splendid articles, editorials, and also the sermons from the conference are inspirational and so helpful and make enjoyable reading. The recipes are excellent. I have tried several of them and the results were delightful. The poetry and stories bring joy from the knowledge that our Latter-day Saint women are doing some very creditable writing. The "From Near and Far" page is like a friendly handclasp among Relief Society women, and, last but not least, the reproductions of the very artistic scenic photographs both in the *Magazine* and on the cover bring joy not only to me, but my husband thinks they are unsurpassed in artistry and beauty.

—Mrs. John Gardner, Encino, California

Some time ago I read a very interesting article in the *Magazine* and was most enthusiastic about it. The article concerned the Latter-day Saints and their settlement in El Paso, Texas, and about the man who was called "Villa of Mexico." ("El Paso and the Latter-day Saints," by Sadie Ollorton Clark, June 1949). This is the type of historical material which I like very much and think the information is of value to us in studying the history of our people.

—Gertrude Koven
Provo, Utah

We enjoy the fine material which you publish each month, but we have been quite concerned over the discontinuation of the continued story "You Can Learn," (October and November 1948 and January and March 1950) by Katherine Kelly. We once lived on a farm and every issue brought back memories galore. We waited anxiously from one month to the next to read the romance and experiences of Katherine . . . . We would like very much to have this story continued, and many of our friends have mentioned the same thing.

—Lucille M. Plumb,
Los Angeles, California

The *Magazine* continues to be my favorite reading. I think you should be highly commended for your fine work in editing it.

—Mabel Jones Gabbott
Bountiful, Utah

I have been a subscriber to the *Magazine* for only a short time, but I must tell you how much I enjoy it. I dearly love those pieces—"A Letter From Mother." Clara Horne Park must be a wonderful and beautiful person. I like very much the stories and poems and the articles on home decoration. I am not a member of the Church yet but belong to the Relief Society group here.

—Dora Bradley
Stibnite, Idaho

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